THE BYSTANDER
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MARCH 12, 1930

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A Searching Criticism of Our Elders — By *Daphne du Maurier*

the BYSTANDER

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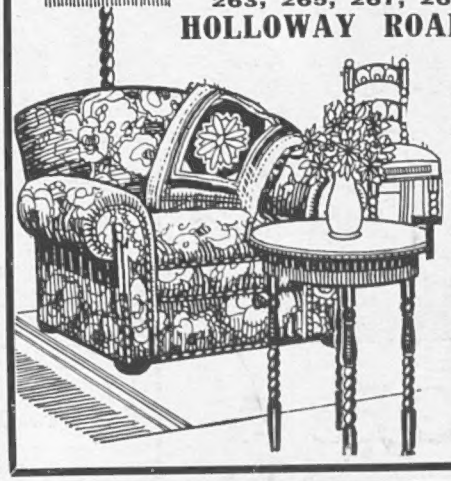

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the BYSTANDER

THE HON. MRS. HENRY MOND

Raphael

The beautiful wife of the Hon. Henry Mond, Lord Melchett's only son. Though an active partner in Martin Secker, the well-known publishers, she yet finds time to interest herself in many charitable works, and was chairman of the National Orthopædic Hospital, a post which she accepted at the special invitation of the Duke of Gloucester.

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THE COMING OF SPRING *Planet News*

The Passing Hour

WHILST I am as delighted as most persons that the difficulties of the Conservative Party have been surmounted, I do not feel that it is the occasion for unanimous rejoicing. Mr. Baldwin has taken nine of the ten steps towards the Empire ideal, and before much longer he may be pushed or persuaded to support the full declaration of Free Trade within the Empire and a protection against foreign imports and foreign food, but I am afraid that my political conscience is not so agile as that of Milords Beaverbrook and Rothermere. Their acceptance of Mr. Baldwin's policy reveals a rather too eager desire to be rid of the embarrassments of a new Party rather than any affectionate acceptance.

Mr. Baldwin's sudden production of the referendum expedient, like the conjuror's rabbit, does not appeal to me over much; it is pusillanimous leadership, a touching indication of his faith in democracy and its common sense. I have none.

Lenare

THE NEW DUKE OF GRAFTON

Who recently succeeded to the title on the death of his grandfather, the eighth Duke. The present Duke became Viscount Ipswich when his father was killed in action in 1918

Raphael

MISS ALICE BUCHAN

The only daughter of the well-known novelist and historian, Mr. John Buchan, M.P., of Elsfield Manor, Oxford. Miss Buchan recently produced an historical play, "The Fatal Countesses," at Oxford, in which her father took part

When Labour is Dismissed

WHEN at last the Socialists have been dismissed from their complacent occupancy of Office, an occupancy that has few parallels in ineptness and extravagance, we may approach the prospects of the social season with some confidence that people will spend money and enjoy themselves without the menace of Mr. Snowden brandishing a scimitar above our heads. Mr. Churchill's vitriolic exchange of personalities with the Chancellor of the Exchequer came as a welcome sign of awakened vigour after a period of apathy on the part of the Conservatives in the House. Shortly after the explosion of epithets I saw Mr. Churchill taking supper at Quaglino's, serene and unperturbed. Vitriol did not appear to have destroyed his appetite!

Signs of the Approaching Season

LADY HOWARD DE WALDEN will be one of the first hostesses of the season, for she is giving a ball for her eldest

SOCIETY AND ITS DEBUTANTES

"JANE GORDON" Raphael

In private life Mrs. Charles Graves, who is joining the staff of "The Bystander." She is the daughter of the Hon. Rowland Leigh, Official Handicapper of the Jockey Club

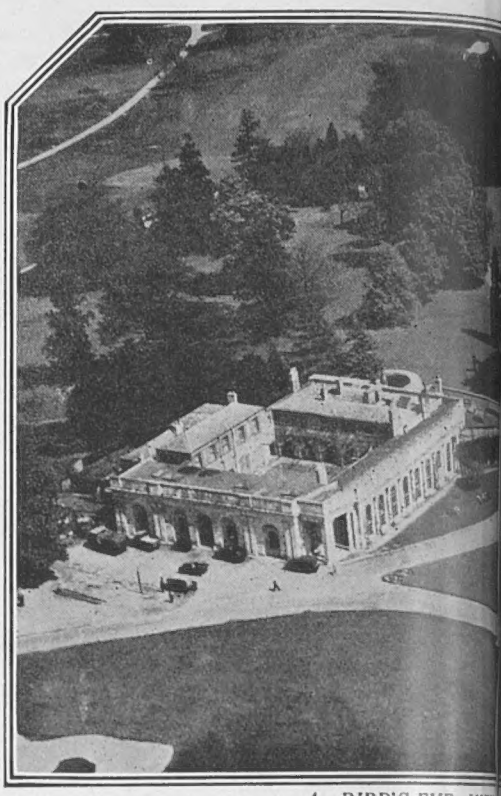
daughter, the Hon. Bronwen Scott-Ellis, who is a twin to Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's only son, and there are other dances on the tapis; for instance, before they leave Mall House Lady Madden, the wife of the First Sea Lord, will be giving a dance there for her daughter, Miss Joan Madden, and her niece, Miss Pamela Cayzer, Lady (Herbert) Cayzer's child. Admiral Sir Charles Madden's successor, Admiral Sir Frederick Field, is an extremely popular officer amongst the senior ranks of the Navy. He has been Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean station since 1928, and, as such, has lived in that wonder ship, Queen Elizabeth. After two years beneath the halcyon skies of the South the Admiral is perhaps fortunate that he will not be "changing ship" until late summer, when he will take up office and residence at Mall House and settle down to new duties.

An Heiress in Real Life

LADY ELIZABETH YORKE, who will have a dance given for her in May, and will be presented by her mother, Lady Hardwicke, is both young (she is not yet eighteen) and pretty and not unlike that other beautiful girl who was unhappily pursued by illness during last season — Lady Anne Wellesley.

Making Merry

As the last hours of Carnival were running out strains of music might have been heard in Eaton Square and sight of an awning over a balcony have given the illusion that the season had already arrived. The music came from Lord Newton's house, where Lady Newton was entertaining a number of young people and debutantes for the coming-out dance of her grandchild, Miss Elizabeth Egerton-Warburton, who, I



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

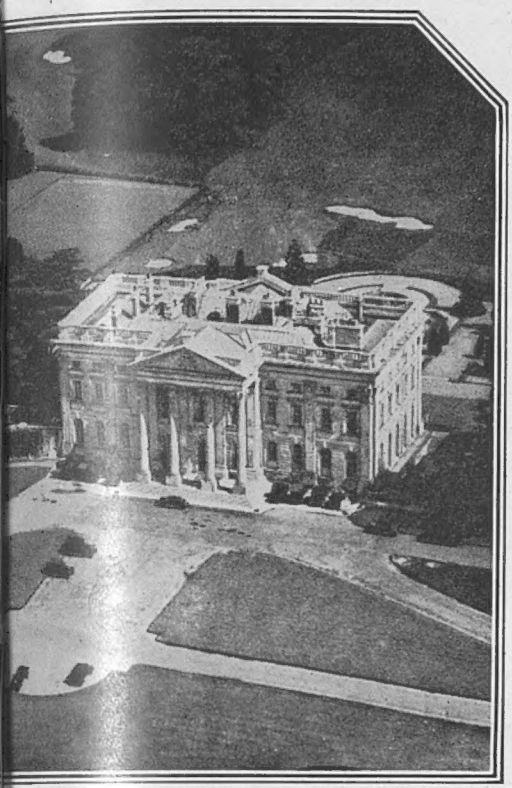
The palatial clubhouse and grounds of the Moor Park Golf Club, scene of the competition for "The Bystander" £500 Trophy competition, in which a professional will be partner

A NEW SPRING IN THEIR WALK!

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister and Sir Austen Chamberlain stepping it out briskly after attending the Conservative Party Conference last week. Empire Free Trade is so bracing!

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Mr. Winston Ch... way to the Conservative Party Confere... revitalising effect on his followers that M... the Chancellor of the Exchequer in ... their approval in ...

"THE BYSTANDER" COMPETITION AT MOOR PARK

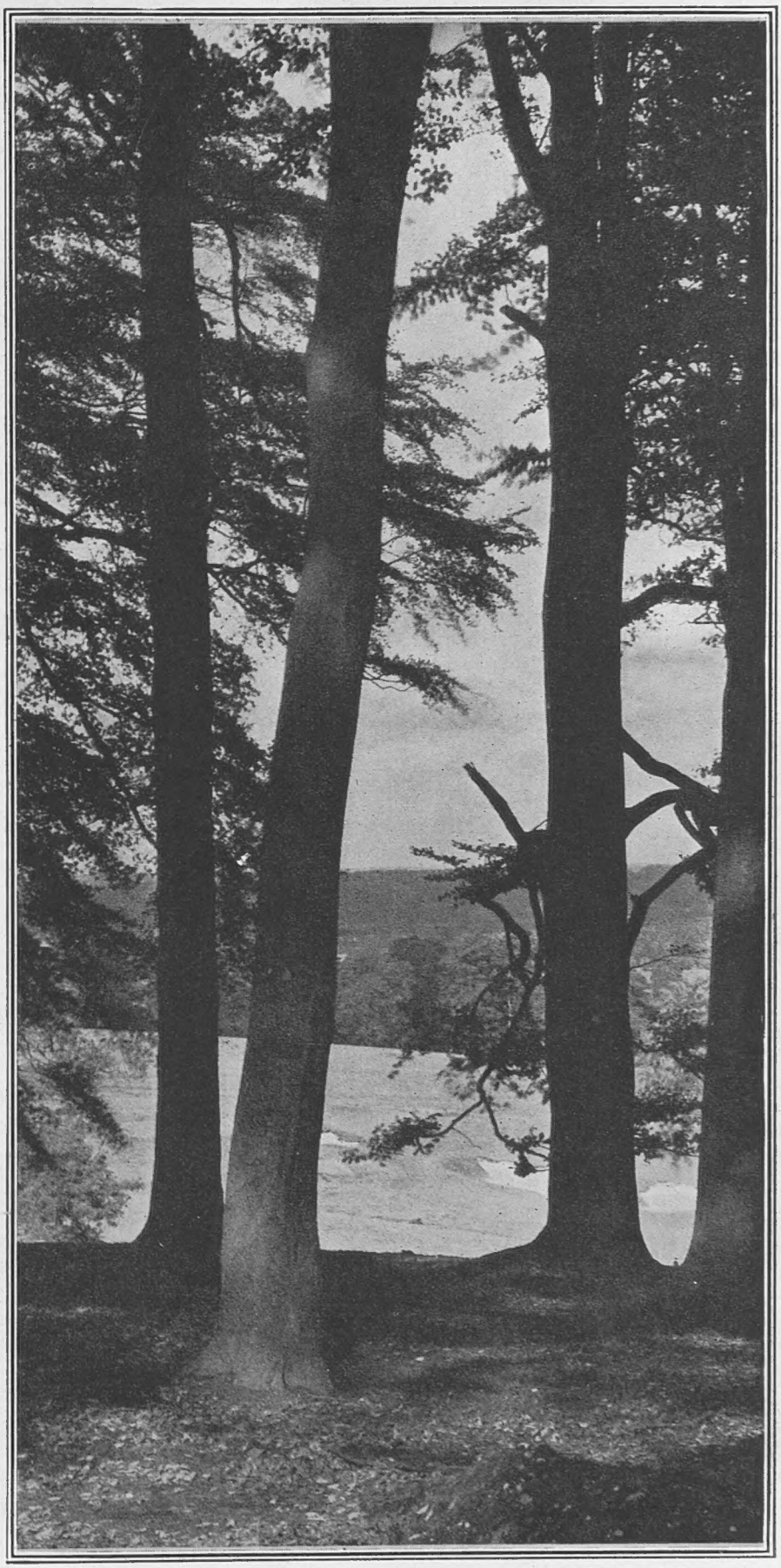


OF MOOR PARK

Club, seen from the air. The Moor Park course will be the on Wednesday, March 19. It is a Mixed Foursome by a lady member of the club to which he is attached

see, the newspapers refer to as an "heiress to a considerable fortune." And the newspapers are quite right. The Duchess of Norfolk and Lady Lansdowne accompanied their debutante daughters, Lady Katherine Howard and Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice, just as, thirty years ago, they came to this same Lady Newton's

Churchill, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister and a colleague on their Mr. Baldwin's support of Empire Free Trade had such a Churchill indulged in a vigorous round of personalities with House, and Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook thundered columns of their Press



WHERE "THE BYSTANDER" COMPETITION WILL TAKE PLACE

A photograph taken from the small wood overlooking the eleventh and twelfth holes on the "High" course at Moor Park, where "The Bystander" £500 Trophy Competition will take place on March 19. Many of the leading professionals will be taking part in this interesting competition again this year

CONVERSATION PIECES OF THE PAST

dances as debutantes themselves. A suspicion that had been lingering in my mind for some time suddenly developed into certainty at this dance. Debutantes are not all beautiful. It is such a pity; it would make life so much easier if they were!

An Exhibition of Surprises

THERE are a good many surprises awaiting you in Sir Philip Sassoon's house, of which he has lent the best part of the first floor for the exhibition of Eighteenth-century English Conversation Pictures. First of all there is the surprise at finding Sir Philip expressing himself with all the authority and knowledge of a practised art critic on the characteristics of a conversation piece, which, as you doubtless know, represent "two or more persons in a state of dramatic or psychological relation to each other." The second surprise is to find that a third of the pictures on exhibition have been painted by the Bavarian, Zoffany, and, further, that, in contrast with these works of Hogarth, Devis and the aforesaid Zoffany, the two famous portraits, one of Lady Cholmondeley, Sir Philip Sassoon's sister, and the other of his mother, by Sargent, that hang on either side of the semi-circular staircase in Park Lane, do not appear quite so secure in their claim on posterity's approval. I often wonder whether the work of Sargent will ever tumble in value like that of T. S. Cooper, R.A., Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., and Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, R.A. A fortnight ago at Christie's their pictures were fetching less than is paid for modern paintings.

Central News

Sir Edward Crowe, Comptroller-General, Overseas Trade Department, leaving Buckingham Palace after the first Investiture held by His Majesty since his illness. Sir Edward has held several important appointments abroad, including that of Commercial Counsellor to H.B.M.'s Embassy at Tokio

H.M. KING MANOEL

character of eighteenth-century painting to the dull and detailed realism of the nineteenth, which is now suffering such severe rebuff at the hands of the dealers. Look at No. 87, "A Young Girl Buying a Lovesong," by Henry Walton, and lent by Lord Mildmay, and then see the picture next it, "A Group in Florence," by Thomas Patch, lent by the Duchess of Roxburghe, and you will begin to understand why modern painters revolted against their Victorian predecessors.

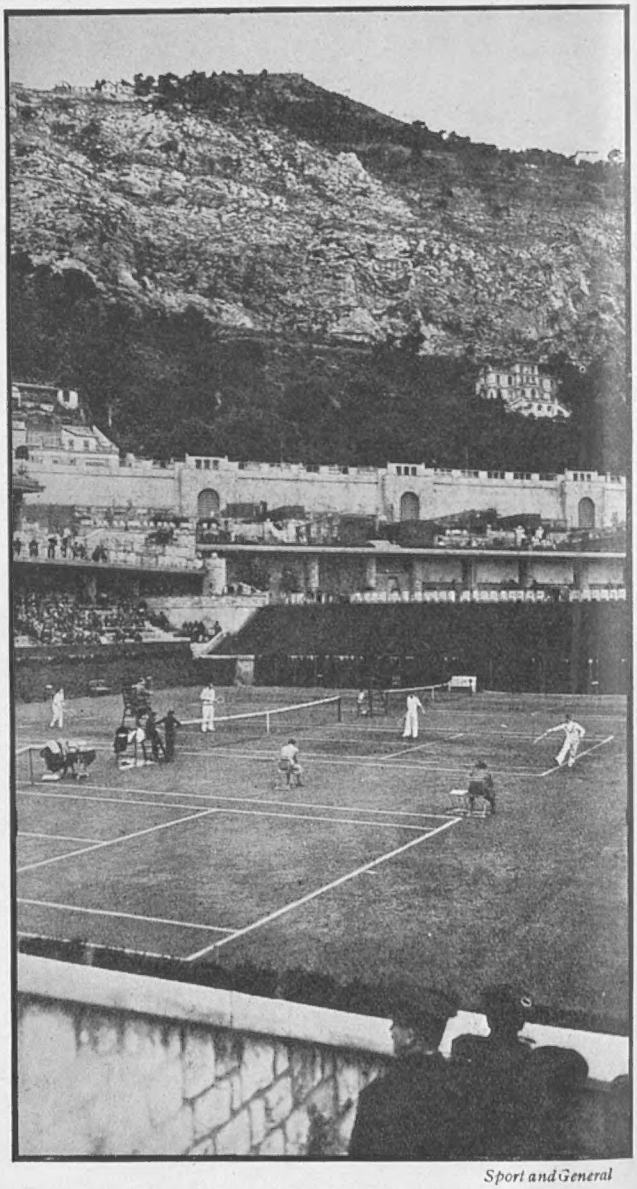
Point-to-Point Races

"THEM stinkin violets," as Mr. Jorrockes apostrophised one of the signs of Spring and the end of hunting, are already showing above ground as an overture to the last few weeks of the season. Not everyone embraced those Riviera-like days with the enthusiasm that London did. The warm, sunny mornings of

A Picture Story of Revolt

SIR PHILIP SASSOON suggests that contemporary artists should turn their attention towards the possibilities of the conversation picture; certainly the sight of the Sitwell family in 1787 painted by John Singleton Copley suggests possibilities of a composite Sitwell portrait of today. There would also be great scope for the portrait conversationalist in the House of Commons, with fathers and sons and fathers and daughters as fellow-members, and, oh! that we had a Hogarth to paint some of the wives of politicians, though I doubt if the wives would pay the artist for doing so. By the way, there is interesting evidence of the transition from the wit and

MISS ELISSA LANDI

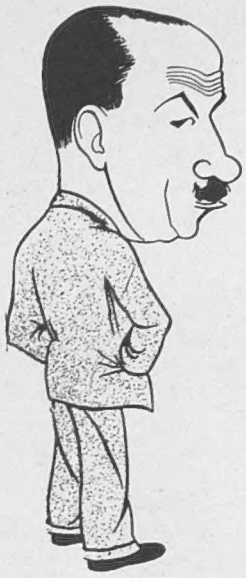


Sport and General

A view of the final for the Butler Trophy at the Monte Carlo Lawn Tennis Tournament. The players on the left are W. F. Coen and his partner, W. T. Tilden, who beat H. W. Austin and C. H. Kingsley (right) by 6—2, 1—6, 9—7, 6—3

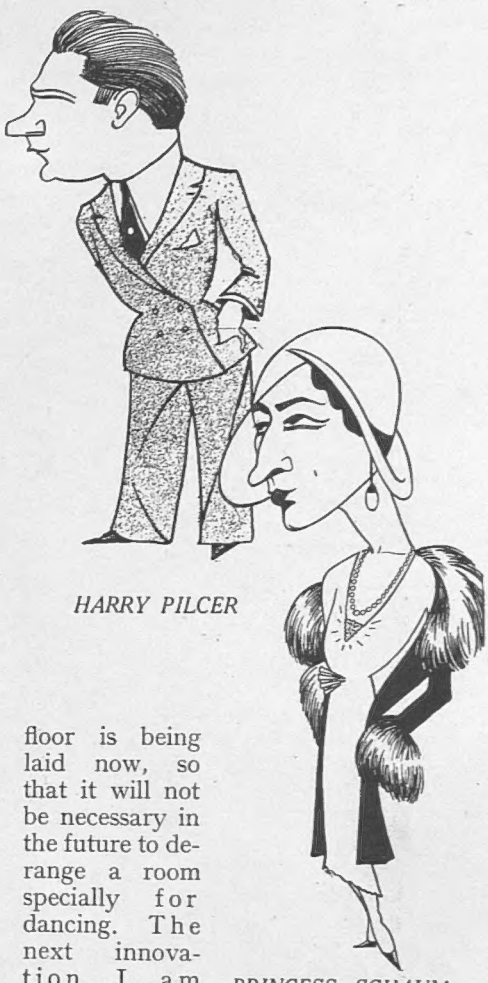
ALTERATIONS AT YORK HOUSE

ADOLPH MENJOU



M. NICOLAS ZOGRAPHOS
Of the Greek Syndicate

MISS ETHEL LEVEY
(Mrs. Claude Grahame-White.)



HARRY PILCER

PRINCESS SCHAUMBURG LIPPE

OUR CAUSTIC CARICATURIST CATCHES CELEBRITIES at CANNES

the past week ruined scent and made work for the hounds impossible. Point-to-point meetings are coming into their own again, and one of the first will be the Stock Exchange point-to-point on March 22; it takes place, by permission of Lord Rosebery, over one of the finest stretches of grass in the Whaddon country. Lord Harewood's hunt, the Bramham Moor, holds a race meeting on the 15th. Lord Harewood substituted this race meeting for the ordinary point-to-point some years ago, and it has proved extremely successful. From now until after Easter point-to-point races will be taking place all over the country.

Yevonde

Miss Olive Dorothea Plunket, the beautiful daughter of the Right Rev. the Hon. Benjamin J. Plunket and the Hon. Mrs. Plunket, of St. Anne's, Clontarf, Dublin. Her engagement has recently been announced to Lord Brougham and Vaux, of Brougham Hall, Penrith, and 10, Oxford Square, London. Lord Brougham is in the Coldstream Guards

The Queen's Grandchildren as Gardeners

A FRIEND who recently went over Harewood House, where Lord Harewood and Princess Mary will eventually live, tells me that the alterations are still far from complete, for practically the entire house has been dismantled and stripped for the purposes of introducing modern comfort and new colour schemes. Princess Mary's favourite colour is pale blue love-in-the-mist, and this will be the colour in her personal suite at Harewood, as it is at Goldsborough. The main interest in their new home for young Lord Lascelles and his brother lies in the size of the gardens that they will be given at Harewood, for both have as much affection for gardening as their mother has. Children are not usually fond of gardening, but that is probably due to the fact that their earliest memories of it are of the horrible task of weeding! Mention of alterations and decorations reminds me that by the time the Prince of Wales returns home there will be a ballroom at York House. A floor is being laid now, so that it will not be necessary in the future to derange a room specially for dancing. The next innovation I am awaiting is the installation in somebody's house of a private ice-rink.

Another Communist Fiasco

I AM afraid our Communist "comrides" in this country will never be able to get the average Englishman to take them at all seriously if the fiasco of last Thursday is any criterion, for "International Labour Day" passed off so quietly in this country that the great majority of people had no idea that it was being observed. In Berlin the police had to use firearms on the crowd, and in New York the rioters proved so menacing that the authorities got busy with fire-hoses, and the subsequent baton charges resulted

MAJOR FRANK GOLDSMITH

SKETCHES BY EDNA CLAYTON

AROUND THE CÔTE D'AZUR

in about a hundred casualties and scores of arrests. Compared with such records poor old London put up a very poor show; in fact, the best that she could do was one small scrimmage in Great Tower Street, which resulted in five people receiving minor injuries and an unlucky Press photographer having to receive hospital treatment. Really, it would serve us right if the Communists decided to get their own back by refusing to demonstrate in public at all!

In Sunny Italy

THE Italian Riviera is at its best about this time, and visitors are not lacking in the principal resorts. Among recent arrivals is Princess Beatrice, who is stopping at the Royal Hotel at San Remo, where she will probably remain until April. San Remo is becoming increasingly popular with English visitors to the Italian Riviera, and not without reason, for it is an extraordinarily attractive spot, and at the leading hotels, such as the Royal, first-class accommodation is to be had at prices which are eminently reasonable.

At Beaulieu

THERE was a wonderful wind-up to the Beaulieu tennis week in the shape of a huge gala dinner at the Bristol, where people seemed to have come from miles away, writes our Riviera correspondent. The Duke of Connaught was the centre of one huge party, where I saw Lord Jellicoe and Admiral and Lady Watson, and the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Buller. Sir John and Lady Ward had a very cheery party, amongst whom were Lord Charles Hope and his pretty sister, Lady Mary Hope, Mr. Julian and Miss Lettice Ward, and Mrs. Satterthwaite; and I saw Mr. Somerset Maugham with Lord Roundway, who danced vigorously all the evening.

Lawn Tennis in the Ballroom

THERE was an amusing competition of ballroom lawn tennis, played with huge balls and extremely tiny racquets, which caused much amusement, as the various champions who took part appeared quite unable to handle their weapons with any skill at all, and rallies were few and far between. I hear that Lady Douro and little Lady Anne Wellesley are arriving to-day, to stay with the Dowager Lady Glentanar at the lovely Villa Galle, and also too that Colonel and Madame Balsan will be back again from Egypt at their château above Eze at the end of the week.

Topical Press

Mr. C. E. K. Stephenson and his bride, Miss Nancy Barbara Lyon, of Hillam Hall, near Selby, leaving the Parish Church at Monk Fryston after their recent wedding

Yachting at Monte

I HAVE never seen Monte Carlo so cheery or so full of people as it has been of late, and there is so much going on every day that it is quite impossible to decide what to do.

I spent a delicious morning on the Terraces recently, as there was a big entry both of eight-and six-metre boats out in the Monaco Regatta, and, with a light wind, the great bay was the most wonderful sight imaginable, with the flocks of white sails skimming over the bluest of seas. Indeed, yachting was never more popular on the Riviera than it is this year.

NEXT WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" will be a SPECIALLY ENLARGED

SPRING FASHIONS NUMBER

Pages of pictures and special articles dealing with all the latest dictates of Dame Fashion.

Sport and General

Earl and Lady Beatty at a meet of the Fernie. During the run Lady Beatty was heavily thrown, but fortunately no bones were broken

Keystone View

Sir Gerald Du Maurier having a little jest with Sir James Barrie at the christening of Lady Pearson's (Gladys Cooper's) baby daughter at St. Michael's, Highgate, by the Bishop of London They were the godfathers to the baby, who was named Sally

WEDDINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD

Sport and General

Lady Alexandra Haig, another recent victim of the Chase, who crashed at a fence whilst out with the Fernie and sustained concussion. She was conveyed to Dingley Hall, the residence of Earl and Lady Beatty

"Set Fair" at Cannes

THERE has been a good deal going on at Cannes, where the warm weather has made the many lovely gardens in and around the town one mass of flowers. Polo has been in full swing, and there was a wonderfully good match when the redoubtable "Pumas" beat the "Tigers" by eight and a half goals after a thoroughly enjoyable game.

There were many people in the crowd, including as usual the King of Denmark (who has hardly missed a match since he has been in Cannes), the Paul Dubonnets, Prince and Princess de Bourbon, and Prince Schaumburg Lippe.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Colquhoun leaving St. Mark's Church, Bangalore, under an archway of swords formed by a guard of honour provided by the officers of the garrison. The health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed by Mr. S. E. Pears, C.S.I., C.I.E., I.C.S., the British Resident in Mysore and Chief Commissioner of Coorg

New Arrivals

THE GRAND DUCHESS HELEN OF RUSSIA, Princess Nicholas of Greece and her daughters have lately arrived, while Mr. and Mrs. Guedana (Miss Meraud Guinness that was) have joined the house party up at Mrs. Benjamin Guinness's at Mougins, and Mr. H. G. Wells is at Grasse.

I thought the "Gala des Fourrures" quite surpassed in magnificence anything I have seen previously at the Ambassadeurs, and the marvellous chinchilla, ermine, and sable coats which paraded before us left the women members of the audience gasping with envy. There was no possible chance of dancing, however, for over

SIGNORA DOTTORE ANTONIOLI Lenare

Whose marriage to Signor Dottore Gian Paolo Antonioli took place last week at Brompton Oratory. She is the only daughter of the late Colonel Anthony Dodd, of Instow, North Devon, and of Mrs. Dodd

HOMES OF THE EMPIRE

A photograph of Mr. Robert Hichen's house in the beautiful grounds of the Luxor Hotel, Luxor. The well-known author resides here every year from September to April

A charming house near the harbour at Sydney, one of the finest in the world. This is typical of the many residences that are to be found in that picturesque city

Mr. Peter Klicks, manager of the Luxor Hotel, being congratulated after riding his horse to victory in the Luxor Races. This meeting is most popular and always attracts a large number of spectators

eight hundred people were dining, and tables had been squeezed into every possible corner imaginable, and the dance floor was one solid mass of people who could only move round a few inches at a time.

The Sporting Club is very full now, and I noticed many new arrivals, amongst them Mrs. Barbara McCorquodale (looking very pretty in jade-green), who was there with her husband on her way back from Egypt; Lord and Lady Hamilton of Dalzell, Lord Mount Edgcumbe, Mr. Ralph Nevill, Mr. and Mrs. McComber, M. Adolph Menjou, Colonel and Mrs. Ralph Cobbold, who are just back from Cashmère. Major Frank Goldsmith, and Mrs. Cartwright, who is always one of the best-dressed women present.

For Charity

FINALLY, I must mention a wonderful Charity Ball, arranged by M. Domerque, at the Hôtel de Paris, Monte Carlo, where, in order to allow ample room for dancing, only five hundred people were allowed to obtain tickets, and these were drawn for by lot. One of the distinctive features of the evening was that each of the two hundred and fifty ladies received a wonderful cloak designed by Domerque, which she wore throughout the evening.

Tanqueray

Miss Evelyn Houldsworth, the only daughter of Col. W. J. R. Houldsworth and Mrs. Houldsworth, of Kirkbride, Maybole, Ayrshire, whose marriage to Mr. Richard E. Davey will take place in the spring. Mr. Richard Davey is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Ruding Davey, of Wraxall Court, Somerset

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

VIC gave a promising display at Lingfield early last month and he was confidently supported to beat the smart Yellow Oriel in the Pitminster Hurdle (two miles) at Taunton. Started second favourite and finished third.

PHAETON was expected to repeat his Kempton form at Gatwick. In December at Kempton he won by eight lengths, but after putting up a gallant show last week he was beaten a neck by Gladsmuir. Was heavily backed. Should win again in the near future.

O, from a popular French stable, was in great form at Gatwick, and he should be backed for every race he competes for in this country. Admirably ridden by J. Teasdale, he won the Rusper Hurdle (two miles) after being well behind for a considerable distance.

BANTLING was confidently expected to beat Alliteration, over two miles (Hurdles) at Gatwick and was backed from 6 to 1 down to 7 to 2. Finished second. Was favourite when sixth of fifteen to Mica at Newbury in June.

ZAHRAT had been placed in two previous races and was confidently supported to win a two miles 'chase at Hawthorn Hill. Finished second to Big Black Boy. Was second to Render at Plumpton.

SWIFT ROWLAND carried late "Blower" money at odds of 7 to 1 and 6 to 1 at Uttoxeter, but he was a bad third to Inverse, winner of the Brocksford Steeplechase. Fell at Newbury in February.

WHERE THE PRINCE IS STAYING

(Top picture). A view of Government Road, Nairobi, one of the many places of interest which lie on the route of the Prince of Wales's hunting expedition. The capital of Kenya, it has a population of over 33,000, 4,000 of whom are Europeans

(Centre picture). A photograph of an Indian and Arabian garden party in progress at Government House, Mombasa. This town possesses one of the finest harbours on the East coast of Africa

(Lower picture). Sixth Avenue: Another view of Nairobi, where His Royal Highness was recently taken ill

Photographs *Keystone View*

OUR EMPIRE: EXTENSIVE KENYA

Above are seen three pictures of important centres in Kenya. This colony, although containing a vast expanse of barren land, also has extensive areas suitable for agriculture. Divided into seven provinces, it has a population of two million

Daphne du Maurier on

THE Chinese worship their ancestors. An attractive, praiseworthy custom, no doubt, but the Chinese appear to be the only people who follow it.

MISS DAPHNE DU MAURIER

Now in England to-day there are still many families who possess baronial castles and country manors, whose walls are thick with the portraits of florid-faced gentlemen in wigs and large-bosomed ladies. But do these receive homage from their descendants?

ONLY occasionally; and this is when the heir returns from the South of France to pay his annual week-end visit to his home. Tripping over dust sheets, and chairs turned upside-down, he gazes around his portrait gallery and decides to sell the fourth picture on the left, the one of the young Earl who fought for Charles the First, to that rich American he met in Monte Carlo. So the young Earl is torn from the wall where he has hung for three hundred years, and is packed away in great discomfort in a quiet corner of the Berengaria, while the smiling heir returns to the South of France clutching a fat cheque to his proud heart. Perhaps there is a paragraph in the newspapers: "Another Priceless Heirloom gone to America," and at once there is a chorus of disapproval from people who, sentimental about tradition, know nothing of the market value of pictures, and can't trace their own ancestry beyond father in the fur trade.

"FANCY selling something that has been in your family for generations," they exclaim. Why not? What good was he doing on the wall, the young Earl who fought for Charles the First? The heir had never met him, anyway! He was possibly a very scandalous fellow. His only value lay in the fact that he had been painted by Van Dyck, with the result that his descendant can now play baccarat every evening at the Sporting Club, and give that fair-haired lady diamonds instead of paste. The young Earl himself is probably happier in his new home. No longer does he feel impelled to haunt the west wing at midnight, to steal along the dark corridor to the dusty panelled room where his pale-faced bride awaits him; in the apartment on Park Avenue there is a party every evening, and a gramophone beneath him screaming "Let's Do It." He should worry! And that is the extent of ancestor worship in England in the twentieth century.

At this moment a reader whose great-grandfather is believed to have sailed with Nelson throws his BYSTANDER across the room, and reaches for a faded atlas where Trafalgar is marked strongly with red ink.

Very well, nobody blames you for your natural pride, but what about those warts on your forehead?

WHEN you say, irritably, "I can't help it; all the FitzPorts have bad skins," remember that great-grandfather who sailed with Nelson is responsible! That will put you in your place. You have a fine name, and a fine family record, but has it brought you anywhere? Look out of the window, and envy that fellow with a schoolgirl complexion. His people were pork butchers in Kentish Town.

Your father was a General, wasn't he? He did marvels in the Boer War, before you were born, but he drank himself to death ten years later. Yes, and you loathe the taste of drink, but you have to live half the year in a sanatorium because you are tubercular.

Who is to blame?

Illustrations by DE BRUILI

"Remember that great-grandfather who sailed with Nelson is responsible!"

AND you, my dear girl, who are constantly boasting about your beautiful mother who lived unwisely and too well in the early Edwardian days, and for whom men shot themselves in dozens; so thrilling, isn't it, to think you are her daughter? Do you ever wonder why you have to wear glasses,

Our Elders & Our ... 1

and why you are bound to go blind in three years' time? And that little boy lying over there, with the sweet pathetic face and the hopelessly crippled back; you see, his father and mother did not want him to be born at all. He has to lie on his back all his life because of it.

They are devoted to him now, of course; they have spent nearly every penny they possess to make him well, but it is impossible.

Attractive, isn't it?

"Honour thy father and thy mother that thy days shall be long in the land which the Lord thy God givest thee" . . .

IN this, the first of a short series of articles from the pen of Miss Daphne du Maurier, the author, who is recognised as being one of the most brilliant of our young writers, says some harsh things about her elders as a whole. In the two subsequent articles, Miss du Maurier, who has inherited much of the literary genius of her grandfather, George du Maurier, author of "Trilby," deals as trenchantly with her contemporaries

As children we are brought up to respect our elders. We must not argue—we must do as we are told. No reason is given, except that a grown-up person must necessarily be in the right.

"But why, mother?"

"Because I say so, and that's enough."

The child is obliged to accept this without further question, his nature being naturally philosophical.

But somewhere in his being he is hurt and resentful. He is aware that he has been treated unfairly. Thus the first barrier is erected, and the first dawning of distrust. These grown-ups have everything their own way. The tyranny at meal times:

"You will sit here until you finish those prunes." "But Nanny, I'm not hungry." "You'll do as you're told."

Then bed at half-past five because he has been naughty. The impossibility of sleeping when he is not tired, the curtains tightly drawn, and an over-imaginative mind.

"I believe in the old-fashioned punishment of sending children to bed," smiles his father. "He won't be any more trouble to-night."

At the age of seven or eight a child starts listening to snatches of conversation; his curiosity is aroused, he asks embarrassing questions. At first there is much laughter, and he is rather proud of himself, but later there are awkward silences, followed by a sharp reproof. He is sent upstairs, scarlet with confusion, feeling like a little criminal. He is wiser in future; he has learnt to keep his thoughts to himself. He is never open with his parents again.

Of course he has a pony for his birthday, and a tricycle as well; when he cuts his finger slightly three doctors are sent for and he spends a fortnight at the seaside; but nobody knows that his dreams frighten him and that he wants to be held very tightly by somebody who understands.

"He has everything he likes," sigh his parents. "I wish he was a little more affectionate."

There was a girl of twelve or thirteen who had a sullen, moody temper. She was irritable and dull. Once she tried to explain her feelings to her mother and was told sharply that she had read too much.

"Nancy is getting so difficult, so I am sending her to a boarding school."

Now when the holidays come round the mother complains that her daughter always wants to spend them with friends.

"She is no companion to me at all."

So the children grow up—and they are all strangers to one another. The older generation are perplexed and disappointed. They continue to give presents and to pay for holidays in Switzerland, but get nothing in return.

"And after all we have done for them . . ."

What did they do?

"He only took you to the Italian Exhibition because he wanted to hold your hand under the rug"

WHO are our betters? Those who have had experience, who have made mistakes and profited by the lesson, and now, because they have reached a certain number of years, consider they are entitled to give advice?

Their position is an enviable one. They have done things, while we have as yet achieved nothing.

They have lived and loved, while we are still learning about it on the cinema.

Being our elders, they claim respect. Because they were born twenty or thirty years before us? Being our elders, they claim that we must honour them.

For making once the same mistakes that we are making to-day? We bow our heads in recognition of their superiority. But—why don't they practise what they preach?

That attractive lady politician of forty odd, whom you admire so much for her views on education, keeps her nineteen-year-old daughter in the country because she is afraid of competition; that brilliant hostess who gives such excellent advice to her son only gives parties for him afterwards so that she can dance with his friends. That famous playwright who said the other day: "I hate to think that perhaps my daughter is kissed in taxis," had just returned from a long drive in the country with a girl of his daughter's age. That handsome old man of sixty-three, who paints better than anyone in Europe, and pretended to be interested in your own humble efforts; he only took you to the Italian Exhibition because he wanted to hold your hand under the rug on the way there.

So when somebody talks about your elders and your betters, smile politely, for manners maketh man, but don't be deceived—not for a moment.

And the Chinese worship their ancestors!!

AT THE PLAY

Stage Photo Co.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD

Playing the heroine in a revised version of Dumas' celebrated play, "The Lady of the Camellias," at the Garrick Theatre, a criticism of which will appear next week

YANKEE CYNICISM

Sketches of "Healthy, Wealthy and Wise," at the New Theatre,

By H. H. HARRIS

"Healthy, Wealthy and Wise," at the New Theatre

SOON after the curtain rises at the New Theatre on "a fashionable apartment in New York city," we are given to understand that both furniture and decorations had been planned by Phillipa Woodall, the heroine of the comedy *Healthy, Wealthy and Wise,* a circumstance which hardly endears the lady to an average audience, for the reason that the general effect resembles a cross between a cubist nightmare and an operating theatre! And when we get to know the lady better our surmise that she possesses a rather unhealthy mind is not dispelled.

Now Phillipa, in years past, had an admirer in Carl Woodall, but gave up thought of marrying that rather poisonous cad when his father came a financial cropper. Instead she married Carl's middle-aged uncle, who is rich beyond the dreams of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. But this does not prevent Carl continuing to make love to the lady who is now his aunt! And auntie does not tell him to clear out and find consolation in a young girl, Shirley Madison, who loves Carl deeply, but allows him to philander. But she won't become his mistress! This noble resolve is not due to morality, but because both Carl and she are dependent upon her husband Richard, who, if he discovered the truth, would probably cut off supplies at their source.

LATER on, however, Philippa changes her mind. Like the famous French general who thought to raise the siege of Paris, she has a plan. And a very dirty plan it is! Millionaire Richard shall buy Carl a farm on which Carl and Shirley can live in married amity and comfort, but Phillipa will also become Carl's mistress, and with anything like luck that sweet creature will in due course present her husband with an infant for which her husband will proudly—but incorrectly—claim the parentage.

BEFORE the marriage takes place Phillipa has already given herself to Carl with what may be called Satisfactory Results, for the lady is pregnant, and on the very day that Carl is to marry Shirley the bridegroom has a twinge of conscience of an entirely unexpected nature. He says he cannot wed Shirley, and begs Phillipa to run away with him. Such a gigantic sacrifice appeals to Phillipa! She promises to do so if Carl will send for his uncle and the bride-to-be and explain the circumstances in a tactful manner. And Carl consents!

CONFRONTED with uncle and his future wife in bridal dress Carl finds he is not such a whale on explanation as he thought he was. When uncle and bride ask what important news he wishes to impart, he is tongue-tied; and it remains for Phillipa to get her lover out of a very difficult situation by a series of really ingenious lies! Thus a marriage *will* take place; the happy pair will settle on the farm presented by the cuckold uncle, who will in due course make goo-goo noises to an infant not his own, and, unless I am much mistaken, later on, Master

"HEALTHY, WEALTHY AN

The "great" scene which takes place in the third Act of the play. On the left is Shirley Madison (Helen Spencer), authors. The female figure on the right is Phillipa Woodall (Mary Newcomb), Carl's mistress and the w

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

Carl will be running round after auntie entirely oblivious of his marriage vows.

Now I have not the faintest objection to a cynical story—even one with such a nasty taste as this, but where the authors have made a big mistake is in portraying the characters of Phillipa and her lover. They are unbelievably unpleasant—so unpleasant indeed that it is difficult to summon up the faintest interest in them. The more human folk, such as Shirley Madison, a forthright girl perfectly played by Helen Spencer, the urbane cuckold of Athole Stewart, and a wooden admirer of Shirley's, made amusing by Deering Wells, have too little to do with the main action to counterbalance the beastliness of the two principal characters.

I FEEL sure that this attribute which I have ascribed to the hero and heroine will shock the authors, Eleanor Chilton and Herbert Agar, for, at least as regards Phillipa, I believe they think they have painted the portrait of an attractive woman; but even Mary Newcomb, who plays this part, was unable to endow it with charm. Indeed, I was glad that her inaudibility prevented my hearing some of the lines which were her lot to say; that is, if they were on a par with one I think I heard when she raised the query, "Suppose the butler came in and saw you in incestuous relationship with your aunt?"

As for George Curzon, who was Carl, he struck me as being completely miscast. Here is an admirable actor who in certain parts is as good as good can be, but he does not excel in depicting the weak-kneed charm which this character demands. The production—was it by Basil Dean?—was somewhat laboured. For instance, before characters appeared on the stage there was usually the banging of a door off—a stage trick which did not commend itself to me.

MADELEINE CARROLL

Appearing to-night (March 12) in "Enchantment," a new play by J. Jefferson Farjeon, at the Vaudeville Theatre

"WISE," AT THE NEW THEATRE

Is to be married that day to Carl Woodall (George Curzon), who is made to look exceedingly small both by artist and Richard Woodall (Athole Stewart), seated at the table and most anxious to endow Carl and his bride with a fortune

"Charles and Mary," at the Globe Theatre

A SLICE of Lamb—home-grown—is now the menu at the Globe Theatre, which depicts episodes in the life of the gentle Elia, under the title of *Charles and Mary*. This play, by Joan Temple, has previously been seen at the Everyman, where it secured considerable custom from Hampsteadians. That all lovers of Lamb will consider Miss Temple's portrait of him absolutely true to life is to be doubted, and Peter Ridgeway, who plays the part, seems rather to stress the author's idea that he was an extremely good young man, but hardly a genius. But to depict a genius on the stage is one of the most difficult things imaginable both for author and actor. The most affecting scene in the play is that in which Charles and his sister Mary go off to the madhouse, and it is here that the author, who herself plays the part of Mary, displays both sympathy and understanding. V. W.

FOR YOUR GUIDANCE

Old-fashioned Melodrama: "The Lady of the Camellias," at the GARRICK. Featuring Tallulah Bankhead.

Rousing Revue: "The House that Jack Built," at the ADELPHI. Jack Hulbert is the builder.

Really Funny Farce: "Dandy Dick," at the LYRIC, Hammersmith. Pinero's classic.

Spectacular Musical Comedy: "Silver Wings," at the DOMINION. Harry Welchman and Desirée Ellinger romantic. Lupino Lane and Emma Haig funny.

Conscientious Comedy: "Michael and Mary," at the ST. JAMES'S. A. A. Milne shows Herbert Marshall and Edna Best in a "Milestones" manner.

GUINEAS TO BE CLAIMED BY "STARS"

Topical Press

A general view of the paddock at Oddington, where the O.U. steeplechase took place. As can be seen, there was a large attendance, several well-known people being among the spectators

IN these four photographs of sporting and social events reproduced on this page are five persons selected haphazard round whose head a star has been placed. The Editor will have great pleasure in sending to each of these a guinea as the penalty of being "starred" if they will kindly send him their names and addresses. Their identity should be verified by two friends, who need only sign the application and give their addresses. Applications should be made within a week of publication except in the case of photographs taken abroad

News Illustrations

A group seen at the Pitt Club and Cambridgeshire Harriers' Hunt Ball, held at the University Arms Hotel, Cambridge. This annual event attracted a large number of dancers, and the evening was, as usual, a marked success

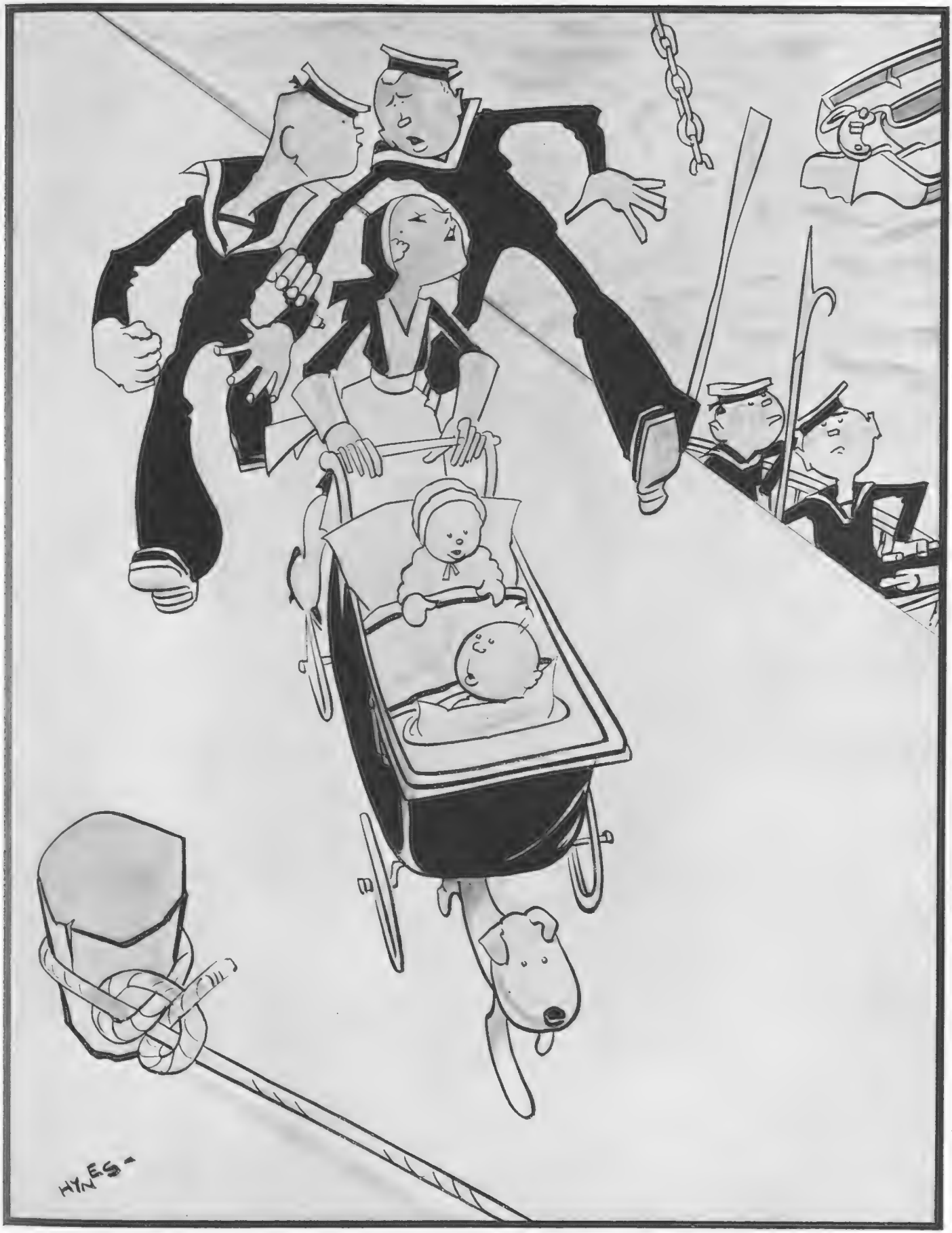
Sport and General

THE MAYOR OF EASTBOURNE'S BALL

A party "sitting it out" at the ball given by the Mayor of Eastbourne at Devonshire Park. Several well-known sportsmen were present, among them being F. B. Rees, the jockey (third left, in front) and A. E. R. Gilligan (second right, in front)

Topical Press

The finale in Act II of "Utopia Ltd," the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera performed by the Barnstable Operatic Society at the Theatre Royal. The opera was produced by Miss Clara Dow, the late prima donna of the D'Oyly Carte Company, and was a great success



BY HYNES

ANOTHER NAVAL DISCUSSION!

The Decrees of Paris

By Blanche B. Elliott

"WHY," asked a dressmaker just back from Paris, and showing her collection of models, "*why* must the English Press always *attack* anything new in the mode? They seem to resent it bitterly and find fault with anything different and novel! Such antagonism must put people off buying things, and it is very hard on us!" I chuckled rather gleefully, as I had already noted and recorded this fact in these occasionally (I fear) uncomplimentary columns. We *do* hate, as a nation, to keep having new ideas *burst* upon us, don't we? It is so disorganising! We had got *used* to short skirts and the waistline 'way down on to the thigh—why raise it and cause all this pother? It is like being jostled at an unexpected moment!

Now they have stopped screaming at the long skirts (and, after all, skirts are only long in the evening) they have started on the subject of the cape. "Just *too* common! No dignity or distinction," say the Press "fashionists," licking their pencil stumps. "*We* shan't praise it!" Well, they may as well try Canute's trick and stop the tide, for capes, dear friends, are with us, with a great leaning towards that more unusual version of it, the cape with sleeves, which is a loose-backed, attractive looking garment. Anything original must have a certain thrill *because* it is new, whether one personally likes it or not. It keeps the question of clothes fresh and interesting and makes the business world, at least, go round.

The newest phase of the little jacket with a frilled shoulder cape in woollen material lined with printed crêpe de Chine to match the one-piece frock. Model Lelong

Sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

PARIS is the fountain-head of fashion and style, and it is not only idle and childish to deny it, but thoroughly stupid. It is necessary to have some clearing-house for the fashion of the world to be guided by, and this position has been held by Paris by long tradition, by its strategic position, and by the artistic genius of her race. But this is not to say that the British cannot create too. Happily, we are still pre-eminent in the excellence of our materials in their wearing qualities and in all kinds of sports wear. Rather one might suggest that co-operation with Paris is what to aim at, not rivalry. And this year in particular has seen some splendid results for British trade in return for such co-operation. Paris is always quick and generous to recognise the merits of any new fabrics and any special qualities about them. More, she welcomes them, irrespective whence they come, and *tissu anglais* invariably forms a prominent feature of any leading couturier's showing.

Now we have ventured on some new silks and chiffons, and have learnt the art of dyeing them so well that the artist creators have used them this season and ordered many thousands of yards. With the "blessing" of Paris fashion houses upon them, the world is clamouring for just those materials which British looms are turning out. The fact that they were made in Bradford or Manchester does not bear quite the same cachet, and while not soothing to our pride, it is none the less a truth to be grasped. Which reminds me that, in my zest for things "British," I attended an all-British fashion fair. I wandered into a milliner's showroom and up to an attractive-looking hat which I picked up, to find the words "Model Alphonsine" on it! On inquiry I found this was a French model, and many copies of others were about. It had a comic side, but didn't seem to me quite playing the game somehow. It was like declaring "no-trumps" on a misère hand.

PINK is a colour it took the courage of Patou to launch as the Summer season's smart shade, because one doesn't usually associate it with any particular smartness. However, he has chosen rose opaline, which has a bluish tint, and created numerous models in it to the inevitable accompaniment of black or navy blue. Navy, by the way, has returned to favour after a prolonged absence. Other houses also showed much pink, but generally of a paler shade. All colours were shown on the whole rather than any one special colour, though one did notice a great number of green and white frocks. Lelong showed two particular shades he has called "Lelong blue" and "Lelong green." The off-whites were everywhere rather more "off" than white, and most successful in brilliantly gleaming satins. There was a greeny-white and a bluey-white, which seemed to take iridescent lights and might really be called "opalescent white." They were quite beautiful and a most suitable summer choice.

PRINTED chiffons have come back into favour after being treated a little coldly at the Autumn showings. Jenny was a house who still ignored them and did not show one model in this ubiquitous material. They have gained a little novelty in the treatment accorded them this season by cutting out the flower or leaf of the design and appliquéing it on to the same flower or leaf either round the neck, sleeves, or on the skirt. This gives an increasingly light and fluffy appearance to an already diaphanous material. Chanel was especially happy in the models she worked in this way. One was printed with a large design which was cut out and appliquéd all round the skirt, which gave a particularly light and feathery appearance. Others had their pointed petals cut round the hem of the skirt, giving a raggety effect which was most pleasing, while it was flatly appliquéd edging upwards on the neck. It gives a touch of novelty to what has become the "inevitable" printed chiffon.

QUITE a feature of the new materials was the great deal of cotton used, which should be welcome news to the cotton trade. Rodier used an amount mixed with silk or wool. It is always a matter of surprise that so little cotton instead of silk is used in frocks for hot countries, while it has often struck me what a boon it would be during a hot summer in the States. And it is always with an eye to America that Paris evolves her picturesque Summer frocks.

A material that was light and filmy, yet *washable*, would be delightful when a frock after a week of hot, sticky weather needs to be tubbed. I noticed some particularly attractive materials with a cottony mixture at London Trades, which is, of course, the Paris Trades of London. It is interesting to note that this house is now including smart afternoon and evening frocks in their collection, which was previously exclusively sports wear.

The new silhouette for Summer is illustrated in Patou's delightful model for afternoon wear with its bolero bodice and wide-brimmed hat. In black crêpe Romain with collar and cuffs of pink crêpe de Chine. Model Jean Patou

if . . . gossip

Sasha

Ada May, the clever young actress who—as the photo suggests—is firmly established on the ladder of Fame. Formerly playing in "Follow Through," she is one of the stars in C. B. Cochran's "1930 Revue"

Now if Mr. Lansbury, from the youthful pinnacle of seventy-one, wishes to have a fling at the "ancients," he will be doing neither himself nor anyone else any harm. But I do not know why he should take it for granted that it is an ancient and fishlike thing to regard the parks as they were originally supposed to be regarded—i.e., as oases of tranquillity in the middle of a great city. The more strenuous life becomes outside such oases, the more necessary is it that they should be preserved in their original state.

In this Land-sbury of hope and glory we are not, it seems, to be peaceful any more. The First Commissioner of Works is a well-meaning old busybody, a strange and typically Socialistic mixture of Pecksniff and the Cheeryble Brothers, and in his efforts to put pep into the parks of London he is acting for the best. Also, he has met with a certain amount of petty and unreasoning (and unreasonable) opposition. But he has played into the hands of his critics by adopting an arrogant attitude and telling the world that "the day has gone by when the Park can be regarded as a place where people can be quiet, and the sooner the ancients realise this the better."

Fox Photos

George Whitelaw, the well-known artist whose new series of caricatures, "Who's Zoo," is now running in The Bystander, *with Miss Helen Hedin, the Scandinavian film star (left), and Mrs. Strube, the wife of the famous caricaturist. His costume is not attributable to artistic temperament, for the photograph was taken at the London Sketch Club's annual Fancy Dress Ball, recently held at the Wharncliffe Rooms*

Press Photogra...
Irate Rider

There is no reason why a certain amount of room should not be found for games, just as there is no real reason why Mr. Lansbury should not play ring-a-ring-a roses with his family (including the twins) in the forecourt of Buckingham Palace. But this need not be accompanied by rude disparagement of those who, young or old, do not want to go the whole hog with the Pandemonium-in-the-Parks policy. Even the peaceful want to be left alone for rest and quiet sometimes.

There are, fortunately, cabarets where one can be undisturbed. Whether or no it is the result of my note a few weeks ago, these additions to restaurant attractions are now, I find, far less

we must...

By Howard K. Elcock

"Hang on, sir, I want a 'close-up'"
Hounds: "Idiot! So do I!"

aggressive. The tendency to sh-sh one into appreciating a show or suffering dire consequence, like Charlie Cochran on the warpath after dramatic critics, is less than it was, and enjoyment is greater in consequence. The restaurant is not plunged into darkness while the turns are on, and one can secure a waiter and get some food during what was formerly a period of denial of food and drink. The notion that fasting is a necessary feature of the fast life has, thank Heavens, disappeared. One can feast round the rising floor at the Savoy until one's gorge rises too—if the perilous thrills of those extremely clever whirlwind dancers on skates have left one any appetite. If they have taken it away, a Spanish gentleman will soon bring it back with his imitations of aeroplanes, babies' crying, tramcars, military bands, dogs fighting, cats (presumably) fighting, and bumble bees. At the Kit-Cat they have those marvellous dancers from the *Brides in the Ba—*, I mean, *Here Comes the Bride*—Howell, Harger and Naldi. Here, too, the lights are up. And I bet that trio need it.

RIGO, the famous Magyar violinist, cheered me up the other Sunday night at the Hungarian Restaurant. He is a fine player of the perambulating type, who will perform for your own especial benefit if you ask him, and if you don't, and prefer your cutlet, he won't mind.

KNOWING that the committee of the London Sketch Club wisely insist upon ticket-holders attending their annual ball in fancy dress, I did my best—for this occasion only—to spoil my manly beauty with a make-up and get-up of a somewhat appalling nature and sought a taxi to take me to the Wharncliffe Rooms and, as I reached the street a cab drew up. Blessing my luck, I was just about to get in, when the driver asked me if I knew where a certain club was situated. I asked him if it was a Bridge club, and it was only when he opened the door to inquire that I realised that he had a charming occupant as a fare. Entirely forgetful of my forbidding appearance I popped my head into the cab to repeat my question, and never in my life have I seen greater horror expressed on any woman's face! Suddenly realising the reason, I shut the door and fled!

BUT this contretemps did not spoil my evening, for, as usual, the London Sketch Club Ball was one of the cheeriest functions imaginable. There is an atmosphere of real Bohemianism about this dance which cannot be found elsewhere in London.

That every visitor seemed to know every other is not surprising, for the reason that the committee do not sell tickets to the public but only to members and friends, who are more than sufficient in numbers to fill—without overcrowding—the two dancing floors.

Unlike some fancy dress balls, the arrangements were admirable, and, included in the price of the tickets was a sit-down supper for everyone, with plenty of "eats," while the drinks were of good quality and reasonable in price. In other words, the committee are "all out" for the sole purpose of giving everybody a good time, and piling up profits is not the raison d'être of this annual affair. O si sic omnes!

Hoppé

Madame Karsavina, the famous Russian dancer, whose book of reminiscences, "Theatre Street" (Heinemann: 25s.), was published recently. Among many interesting stories are several dealing with the schooldays of that great dancer, Anna Pavlova

SINCE there is still under discussion an important case about the resemblance of certain musical comedy tunes to others written by well-known composers I must, of course, refrain from particularising in this matter. But so many people have said to me, when mention has been made of musical "borrowings," "Well, why not, if it's a *good* tune?" that

HOW AMERICA PLAYS THE GAME

I begin to feel as if ordinary commercial morality goes by the board entirely where melody is concerned, and that certain of those who deal in light music are light-fingered gentry. For, as I explained a week or two back (when one, Ambrose, chided British composers for being, unlike the Americans, too *timid* to appropriate tunes that don't belong to them), to take a man's tune is as dishonest as to take his watch, even if they have other views in that land of good sportsmen, the U.S.A. When I read nowadays that a composer's music is "catchy," I at once interpret this as meaning that he has caught it from someone else.

TALKING of sportsmen and the U.S.A., the Sharkey-Scott fiasco is another proof of the necessity for an arrangement that is so often ridiculed, i.e., that big fights should take place in neutral countries. I do not mean that an English and an Italian heavyweight should bash each other about in Czecho-Slovakia, or that Norway should be chosen as the scene of the battle between a Frenchman and a German. Accessibility is an important question, and must be considered up to a point. But I see very little reason why, for instance, an American and a Frenchman should not fight in London and an Englishman and a Spaniard in Paris. And I see every reason why the man who fights an American should never on any account be allowed to do so in America. *Scott was never meant to win.* Nor will any other non-American boxer be allowed to win in the near or distant future if the soil and his opponent are all American, plus the referee. Vive le sport, and wave the star-mangled banner!

THAT is why I have so much admiration for the optimism of that fine old sportsman, Tommy Lipton. While building yet another Shamrock in an attempt to lift the America Cup (so called because Americans jolly well intend that in no conceivable circumstances will it ever leave America), he must know, in his heart of hearts, that the victory can never be his. The conditions are, of course, that the English competing yacht must cross the Atlantic on her own bottom. These our opponents have never offered to waive or modify, although it is obvious that a vessel of sufficient stoutness, etc., to make such a voyage could not have any real chance against a flimsy racing craft built on the spot. I am surprised, indeed, that it is not laid down that any British heavyweight boxer who fights an American in America must swim the Atlantic.

By Wilson Fenning

WIFE (*peevishly*): "Oh *do*, for goodness' sake, think of something else to say. Walking about with your 'Darling, I Love You,' as if you were a loud-speaker advertisement for the Gaiety production!"

BOHEMIA in its best sense will miss the kindly lantern-jawed countenance of Sir Alfred Fripp, who, if any man ever did, "did good by stealth." He was a blunt, outspoken sort of person, with a heart of gold who was always putting his genius as a brilliant surgeon at the service of humanity in a very real sense. In recent years I often heard him criticised for his "Frothblowing" activities. I am no wholehearted admirer of the Frothblowers, with their "Gollop your beer" and "Shoot your linen" slogans, though I do not doubt the excellence of their motives or their real achievements in the cause of Charity. But Sir Alfred decided that the end justified the means, and threw himself into the movement with characteristic energy. As a figure-head of indisputable integrity he was worth his weight in radium to it.

Janet Jevons

Dorothy Seacombe, who is playing in the "Intimate Revue," at the little Duchess Theatre, in Catherine Street. An Australian, she came to England in 1924, making her first West End appearance at His Majesty's in "The Royal Visitor"

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Ge meeting. Mrs. Gemmell i of last year's Grand National

AND dear cheerful Rosina Filippi has gone, too. She was

A BOOK BY A STAR OF BALLET

Central Press

mell snapp[illegible] the recent Gatwick the owner [illegible]regalach, the winner and the fa[illegible] for that race this year

almost a great actress; though tragedy she was wise enough never to essay, for she was physically unfitted for it. But the parts she played she played immaculately, and she knew all there is to know about the stage. She frittered away much of her time in musical comedy, however. Almost the last time I saw her she said, "And how is dear Seymour Hicks? I always ask this, you know, for I have been his mother eight times!"

KARSAVINA, the beautiful, the unchanging, has written a [illegible]k, and a good one. "Theatre [illegible]et" is well worth reading for its [illegible] sake, and is not so slap-dash and indiscreet as that of another beautiful Russian dancer, Lydia Kyasht, which appeared a few months ago. I like to think that Karsavina (pronounced Karsávina, please) is a British subject, for she is so lovely and (if her husband, Mr. Bruce, doesn't mind me saying so) such a darling. Her book is written in perfect English—doubtless it has been polished up for her in this respect—but her spoken English is adorably far from perfect. She has a fascinating knack of making grammatical mistakes, which, like somebody or other's Hamlet, are funny without being vulgar. One of my most pleasant recollections of Mr. Lovat Fraser's very pleasant parties is of always having Karsavina as a fellow-guest.

SINCE not every member of America's criminal classes has sufficient good fortune or ready money to escape a sentence—as apart from a trial—prisons of a sort still flourish in the States. The hardened wrongdoer who finds himself languishing behind prison bars, however, has little cause for complaint, for the authorities are unsparing in their efforts to keep him entertained and amused. Cells with water (h. & c.) laid on, and spring beds with fair linen sheets and pillow-cases, fresh flowers on the table and a picture-gallery adorning the walls all serve to make the thug feel quite at home, whilst jazz bands, dramatic entertainments, debating societies plus an occasional shoot-up of the warders

THE GENTLE SHARKEE

(With apologies to Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee.")

IN the ways that are straight,
And the methods quite clean,
I am open to state
That there never was seen
Any boxer to equal Jack Sharkey
(Kind Comrade Cukoskay, I mean.)

He'd not strike a foul blow,
He's a sportsman all through,
And to butt and hit low
Are two things he'd not do—
(And if you're inclined for to doubt me
Ask his referee pal, Honest Lou!)

As to jabbing a thumb
Into someone's right eye,
Though it's been done by some
I must sternly deny
That our Honest Jack Sharkey would do it—
He's as upright and straight as a die!

Yes, our gentle Jack S.,
I am thankful to say,
Is a saint, nothing less,
Courtly, gentle and gay,
And an honest clean fighter—as long as
He can fight in the old U.S.A.!

B. W.

EDITH DAY — Janet Jevons

The leading lady in "Rio Rita," the first production of which will be staged at the new Prince Edward Theatre, in Soho. "Rio Rita" was a great stage success in the States, and has already been seen in talkie form in this country, having had a long run at the Tivoli

THE "ROUGH STUFF" IN A REFORMATORY

TWO FUTURE FASHIONS AND—

An idea of what the girls of the future will look like, according to Cochran's "1930 Revue," which was recently produced at Manchester prior to its West End run, the dresses being of mediæval blue and deep orange respectively. It would appear that women's crowning glory will soon be a thing of the past, whilst cigarettes will give place to the more masculine pipe

Photographs Sasha

all play their part in bringing a little light and happiness into the lives of those who have but little regard for the lives of others.

IF the adult wrongdoer is so pampered and petted it would be only reasonable to suppose that the juvenile criminal who is sent to an American reformatory would find his lot cast in such pleasant places that life would be one sweet song. Anyway, that was the impression I had until I saw recently a Yankee film, "The Godless Girl," which purported to show the life boys and girls lead in an American reformatory—and all I can say is that if such conditions existed over here, we should have a revolution in less than a week!

NOT only does the strictest military discipline exist—the "Glass House" would be a haven of rest by comparison—but the punishments meted out to any disobedient infant are enough to send the average old lag mad in a month. These include fierce floggings, drenching with hose-pipes, solitary confinement in a pitch-dark cell for the boys. Even the girls, whose compound is separated from that of the boys by a wire fence through which runs a strong electric current which mutilates anyone who touches it, are handcuffed with their hands above their head to an iron rod for hours at a time! It is when two of them escape, however, that we see things at their best, and the hunt, which is in the highest "Uncle Tom's Cabin" tradition, includes rifles, revolvers, and about half a dozen bloodhounds!

HAVING endured about an hour of this film I was forced to the conclusion that it was made with the definite object of pointing a moral to Young America. The moral being, of course, "Do no wrong until you are old enough to pay the penalty in comfort!"

—A FORMER ONE

Joan Clarkson, one of the stars in C. B. Cochran's "1930 Revue." Her full dress and powdered wig afford a striking contrast to the photograph seen above

MISS EVE GREY

The popular actress and film star, who has recently been appearing as the Sleeping Beauty in the Drury Lane Pantomime, with her little dog, Barrie. Miss Grey made her debut in Australia, where she played in Oscar Asche's production of "Cairo" at Sydney. Since then she has been seen in a number of films over here, and plays lead in "The Loves of Robert Burns"

CAST

BY KEITH BRYANT

TANETS

A BEATL LAMP

BEATL is a word that will soon be as well known as the word "china" —for Beatl is thé name of the wonderful new material that is rapidly replacing china and glass everywhere. Not only for table ware is Beatl used, but for tiles, panels, electric fittings and a host of other purposes.

AS china is known by various names—Worcester, Wedgwood, Sèvres—so Beatl is moulded under different names—for example, Bandalasta, Linga Longa and M.L. are the three well-known brands of Beatl table ware. The Bandalasta Lamp pictured above is a fine example of the richness and beauty of Beatl colouring.

BEATL is British. A synthetic powder (invented by the British Cyanides Company, Ltd.) is its basis. This powder is moulded under heat and pressure to attain the amazing durability, the lovely polished surface and the fascinating translucence which make Beatl so different from all other materials.

A full range of Beatl articles can be seen at the Beatl Shop, 219, Regent Street, London (Telephone: Mayfair 4352). Also sold at leading Stores throughout the country.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Pink Medicine

By Phyllis Bottome

Lena the peasant-woman loved her faithful dog, Luchs, which daily helped her pull her cart to and from the station when she collected and delivered parcels, and the thought of having to sacrifice him to save the life of her worthless and ill-tempered husband nearly broke her heart. In this moving story, Miss Phyllis Bottome tells how Lena solved the problem with which she was confronted

Illustrated by Adrian Hill, R.B.A.

IT is a wonderful thing to stand, for once in one's life, between God and the sun; to give to a man all light, all warmth—all the soul of the universe! Such great moments must pass, but one would not forget them even if one were a peasant woman like Lena Schultz, who pulled a carrier's cart, with a large, nondescript dog by her side, to and from the station every day.

Lena had never had Love's greatest gift to remember, although she had been married twenty years and lost three children. Lena had been glad to lose her children because she had not enough bread to give them if they had lived; and she supposed the Virgin Mary would have more time on her hands to look after children than she had, as well as a better-stocked cupboard.

The love Lena had had for her babies had been very sharp and short. It wrung her heart to think of them on All Souls' Day, when she went, like everyone else, to the cemetery. She took with her, year by year, a few autumn crocuses and pretty coloured leaves to place on their tiny graves. There was no danger that any thrifty, lately bereaved peasant would steal her little offering to lay on his more substantial grave. She had that comfort, for her flowers were not good enough. They could lie there and fade, just as her children had faded, undisturbed, in her small châlet under the Three Crosses.

But if Lena had known none of the astonishment of Love's rapture, she had known for many years now the solid comfort of a good companionship. Every day, beside her, through deep snow or in thick summer dust, pulling against his collar with sober fairness, Luchs plodded by her side.

Theirs was a covenant of friendship, for he too knew that the tough little wizened woman by his side would pull as fairly and as faithfully as he did. She would not walk unevenly, or slack on the hills, however many parcels they gathered from the village to take to the station; or however many more they must take back. They had three miles to go each way, though it always seemed longer on their return journey. Sometimes snow blinded them, or the harsh frost pinched their throats and started tears in their eyes. Foolish foreign visitors travelled hundreds of miles from warm firesides to greet the frost. "How pretty!" they cried, when ice fitted the bare trees like fine armour and sparkled at the moon. But Luchs and Lena, fighting side by side with their weak breath in the bitter air, were glad of moonlight only because it showed them their path.

WHEN Lena and Luchs reached the station for the midday train, the restaurant-keeper's wife always said, "Give the poor old thing some scraps!" with the easy compassion with which people who have more than they need share what they do not want.

Lena was always very grateful to the restaurant-keeper's wife; she used to pray for her three times a day; when she awoke first in the morning, when the noon bell filled the valley with its deep sound, and at the Angelus, when she and Luchs started out for their second trip to meet the evening train. "God give her a long life," Lena prayed, "and keep her heart warm for me and my dog."

When they reached the station, however exhausted Lena was, she would unloosen Luchs' harness before she sat down, sweep the snow off his back, and make him as comfortable as she could with one piece of sacking over him and another piece to lie on under the cart.

When they had both rested a little, she went to the door of the restaurant and received her scraps, nicely wrapped in a piece of old newspaper. She gave exactly half of them to Luchs. He never snatched nor even looked wistfully at the other half. He took what belonged to him, wagged his tail, and lay down again under his cart. He growled only if anyone came too near his cart, and after he had growled it was never necessary for him to bite.

As long as he was attached to his cart, other dogs had no existence for him, but when he was off duty he was like anyone else.

"If many of the dogs in the village bear his likeness," Lena would say to herself, "what is that to me? My man never did his work as well as Luchs does, but did I ask him where he went when we were both young? It may be, as he says, that a worm inside him ate up all his strength; but it is good that some men, and dogs also, have not got that kind of worm!"

Lena shivered sometimes while she sat waiting in the snow for the train to arrive, but when the restaurant-keeper's wife asked her if she wouldn't like to come inside the kitchen and sit in a warm room on a chair, Lena refused. She knew that not even an angel of God could be expected to permit so large a dog as Luchs, with streaming hair, to enter a restaurant kitchen; and Lena could not leave him all by himself under his cart in the snow.

"He would be sad," she explained to the restaurant-keeper's wife. "We have many hard moments together, why should we spend our one good moment in the day separate?"

The restaurant-keeper's wife was so much touched by their mutual fidelity that she gave Luchs a larger bone than usual. She thought to herself, as Lena blessed her with dramatic fervour, "After all, that little affair with the postman isn't going to keep me out of heaven!"

"There is no one who has such a good heart as you, no one in the world!" cried Lena, passionately.

"Well, well," said the restaurant-keeper's wife, "when I have quite finished with my old coat you shall have that too; it already has a hole in it."

Lena went back to the cart and felt as warm after that promise as if she were already dressed in fur.

THE way home seemed quite short and the snow no colder than sugar. The great flakes fell into the trees and clustered there like the soft feathers birds wear on their breasts. The slopes of the hills were wrapped deep in snow. The sky was as grey as the wool of unwashed sheep, and the mountains soaring away on each side of the valley were as white as bridecake. Nothing moved in all the visible world except the gently turning flakes in the still air, and Luchs and Lena, straining their backs and their thighs as they pulled the cart away from the station towards the village, thanked God that it grew lighter at each customer's house.

When they reached the Three Crosses they both knew it without raising their heads. The dog and Lena stopped simultaneously with a little jerk in front of their châlet. The châlet had only one room, with a loft above it, which had been used for hay until the meadow and the two cows had to be sold because Seppel couldn't work any more, couldn't even cut wood, or lead the cows up to the Alpe in the spring. He could only lie in bed and grumble.

The moment the door opened he began grumbling afresh. "So you're there at last!" he said. "I dare say it was a

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glass of beer, you will pretend was a parcel, which has kept you beyond your time! Pleasant for me it is, isn't it, to have a wife out all day, and me lying here, unable to get up and put a log on the fire? It's gone out again, and I'm near freezing. You know well enough the doctor said cold was my worst enemy. But as long as you and that lazy, over-fed dog keep warm, what do you care what happens to your poor sick husband?"

Lena knew the answer to this question. She hurried out again into the pine-wood, which was fortunately quite near, and brought home enough brushwood on her back to keep in the fire all night. Of course it was wet, but how lucky she was to find any at all, since in another hour or so the snow would have covered it!

She lit a fire as quickly as she could, and took some crusts of bread, a handful of potatoes and a little milk, which made a very good soup for the invalid, who left nothing for either of the others. "Since," as he said, "you live like fighting cocks at your restaurant, you can hardly expect to feed at home as well. I think I am worse this evening," he added, after he had finished the last mouthful of the soup. "In fact, I have been getting steadily worse all the week, only you are so stupid, you never notice anything. This next Sunday you must take my nail-parings and some of my urine to the Wise Man of Obendorf, and ask him what can be done for me. I won't have the doctor again, for he can do nothing but tell me that I need an operation. Well, it is his living, of course, to cut people up like a butcher cuts beasts! But I am not a beast, am I—to go to a hospital and be cut up?"

This was not a question which demanded any answer from Lena beyond a sympathetic grunt. She got near to the stove in the next warmest corner to Seppel's, while Luchs got under it. It was like heaven to Lena and Luchs to feel the warmth! They went to sleep directly and dreamed respectively of fur coats and bones. But Seppel lay awake wondering what the Wise Man of Obendorf would say about his illness on Sunday.

On Sunday Lena cleaned the house and brushed Luchs. He had his own affairs to see to in the village, where it would be quite easy for a big dog such as Luchs, who worked for his people, to snatch from small dogs, whose people worked for them, any bones which happened to be about.

Lena set out alone for Obendorf to see the Wise Man. He was a holy man, too, as well as wise, and had a little house called the "Einsiedelei" on the top of a hill. You had only to ring the bell and the Wise Man came out. If you were poor he charged you a shilling whatever was the matter with you, and if you were rich, and had the same disease, three shillings, and, rich or poor, you could talk as long as you liked.

The Heiliger knew Lena, and asked her to come inside the Hermitage; he even gave her a chair to sit on.

Lena was flustered, what with sitting on a chair and looking about her at the Hermit's riches, that she nearly forgot to show him Seppel's nail-parings. However, he soon brought her back to herself by asking her what she wanted; and she told him how ill Seppel was, and repeated all the symptoms which Seppel had retailed to her at great length while she was eating her breakfast.

"Yes, yes!" said the Hermit, when at last she had reached the end of them, "I know all about your husband. First he was too merry, then he was too lazy, and now he is too ill to work! Well, the world is like this, my daughter; you must suffer in one way or you must suffer in another. Seppel has chosen his way, and, as far as I can see, he is going to die of it; and that mightn't be such a bad thing, after all! On the other hand, you are his wife, and it is your duty to keep him alive as long as you can. What you have come to ask me is how to do it, isn't it?"

Lena nodded, and the Wise Man was silent for quite a long time, gazing at the snow-peaks which they could both see through the window, shining very hard and cold against blue air.

"However exhausted Lena was, she would unloosen Luchs' harness before she sat down, sweep the snow off his back, and make him as comfortable as she could"

"WHAT is cold is dead, isn't it?" the Wise Man said at last. "You can see that for yourself. Flowers and fruit don't grow in the snow, do they? Warm your husband, and he may live a little longer. How shall you warm him? Well, that you must do from the inside out, not from the outside in. Feed him with strong food, fresh butcher's meat, and soup made from it, and you may get him through this winter's cold."

"But, holy Wise Man!" Lena cried, "how can I buy butcher's meat? There is nothing good enough in the house left to pay the butcher for his meat!"

"There is your dog," said the Heiliger. "He is very big, is he not? In this cold his flesh would last a good fortnight or more and make fine soup."

A curious thing happened to Lena's heart; although she sat in a room as warm as the restaurant kitchen it suddenly grew quite cold. It was as if she had swallowed by mistake one of the snow-peaks which she could see so plainly from the Heiliger's window, and found it standing all cold and still in the place of her heart. She said at last:

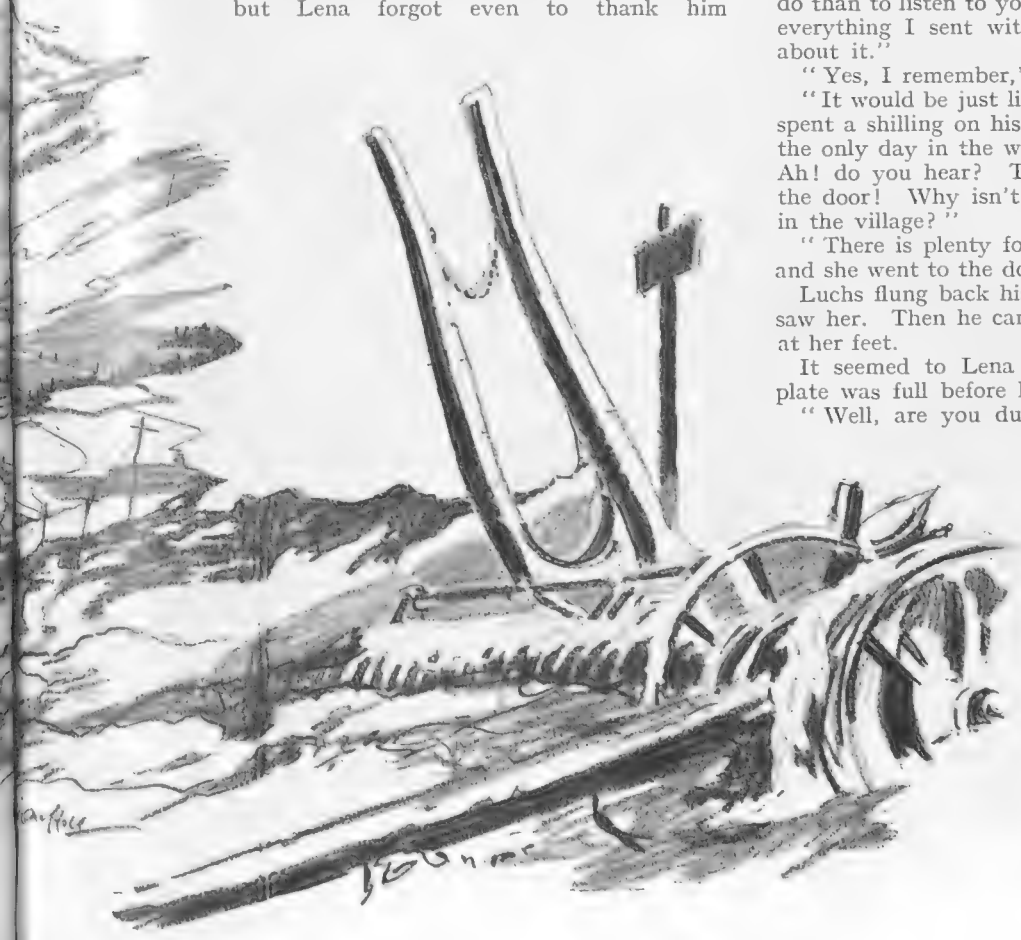
"But, Heiliger, then we couldn't live at all, because I cannot pull the cart full of packages to the station and back alone, twice every day."

"Well, well!" said the Heiliger, "all these questions are very difficult, my daughter. Perhaps it is better that your husband should die, after all—or perhaps you could take in washing?"

"If I could buy tubs and soap perhaps I could," said Lena painfully, "but everyone in the village works for themselves; only the visitors, poor people, don't know how to wash, and they come only for a few months in the year."

"Well, well!" said the Wise Man. "Take the dog to the butcher if you wish Seppel to live through the winter, and, if not, give him this bottle of pink medicine. It will not do him any harm; it will quiet his nerves to give him something, and that is always worth a shilling. But as yours is really a hard case, I will give it you for nothing—the medicine, that is; but when he has drunk it you will return the bottle; or if you should decide not to give it to him, then let me have it back just as it is, for another patient; it will do equally well for almost anything; and if you go to the butcher you can use the shilling you should have paid me to give him for killing your dog."

The Heiliger could not have been kinder, but Lena forgot even to thank him properly. She stumbled from his doorstep into the deep snow, clasping the bottle of pink medicine close to her breast, in case she should let it fall.



IT was harder to go down the steep hill from the Einsiedelei than it had been to climb up it, because now she had that cold peak in her breast where her warm heart had been. If she let Luchs be killed, nothing would grow in her heart any more; it would always be as cold as the snow out of which no fruit or flowers came. Which was Lena to put into a grave: her husband—or a dog?

She had a free choice, for the Wise Man would neither tell on her nor blame her, whichever she did. He would not even care greatly whether she returned him the bottle with the pink medicine in it—or without.

Seppel was Lena's husband, and out of their marriage had come those three little, thin babies which dragged at her heart even now, though they had lain for so long in the earth! She must not forget: Seppel had given her those three babies! It was all he had ever given her, except hard words and, when he was strong enough, blows! But one had to be fair; he was a man, Luchs was only a dog!

LENA could see the three crosses above the châlet now, and the smoke from her chimney rising in the pure evening light. With the money she and Luchs had earned they could all three have "Nudelsuppe." Surely that was nourishment enough for any man? She looked at the pink medicine: it was a lovely colour, like the last light of sunset over the snows. But her husband would expect rather a larger bottle. He would grumble as usual, and if he ate Luchs for the rest of Seppel's life there would only be grumbling; and when the grumbling stopped, as it might next winter when there was no dog left to eat, there would not even be grumbling—no sound at all; just like to-day, when all the earth was thickly muffled in snow. You could hear nothing stir, nothing whisper, nothing creep—only from time to time the snow itself fell from the trees with a soft, thunderous crash, and the boughs, with a faint whine of release, sprang back into the air.

"Well! it is high time you were home," Seppel exclaimed as Lena threw open the door. "Dawdling away the time as usual, talking to the Holy Man who has something better to do than to listen to your twaddle! I hope you showed him everything I sent with you, and remember what he said about it."

"Yes, I remember," said Lena.

"It would be just like you to go and forget, after having spent a shilling on his advice. And me, left here alone on the only day in the week when I have a soul to speak to! Ah! do you hear? There's that cursed dog scratching at the door! Why isn't he satisfied with the bones he finds in the village?"

"There is plenty for all three of us to-day," said Lena, and she went to the door and lifted the latch.

Luchs flung back his head and howled with joy when he saw her. Then he came in sedately and curled himself up at her feet.

It seemed to Lena that he looked to see if her soup-plate was full before he would begin to lap his own.

"Well, are you dumb as a two-days' calf, as well as stupid as an owl?" demanded Seppel impatiently. "What did the Heiliger say would help me?"

Lena stopped in the act of putting her soup-spoon into her mouth. It looked as if she were not hungry, though this was hardly possible. She glanced from her husband's irritably impatient eyes to Luchs' tail quivering with satisfaction. Even his tail had a response in it; it was not for himself he wagged it, but to show her how well she had made his soup!

"THE Heiliger said the cold does you harm," Lena stammered. "You showed him my nail-parings and my urine—and he said

(Continued on page 570)

Commandant Mary Allen, the well-known policewoman (second from left), who paid a flying visit to Cairo and Alexandria at the request of the Egyptian Government. Her work during the War was of the highest value, and ever since she has been organising an efficient force of women police. After being with the Army of Occupation in Germany for two years, she was asked to supply Berlin with a female force, and it is reported that a similar innovation in Egypt would be more than popular. With her are seen her aide-de-camp, Inspector Jaggart (second on right), the Head of the Pyramid Police (on extreme right), and the Head of the Intelligence Department (extreme left)

POLITICAL PARIS

By Sylvia Lyon

Illustrations by NORMAN KAY

ON one and the same day two great crowds gathered in Paris — one was outside the Comédie Française, hoping to find places for the evening performance of Victor Hugo's *Hernani,* at the moment when an invitation matinee was going on in honour of the centenary of the play's première, while the other crowd was waiting outside the Chambre des Députés for the Chautemps week-old Cabinet to fall.

"Everybody rushed out to buy the latest Intran"

WITHIN the theatre, speeches were made, verses were recited, and only three acts, thank Heaven, of *Hernani* were given, and I was reminded of an old contemporary print whose legend below the protesting audience of the year 1830 reads: "If the drama had six acts we would have fallen asphyxiated." Braving the pompous boredom of the centennial, for all his troubles, President Doumergue, giving evidence of the eclectic interests of the French people, left the Elysées and appeared at the theatre.

AT nine o'clock in the evening the still-waiting crowds before the Palais Bourbon who expected to see Chautemps emerge were fooled, because he went out at the back door. At that moment your correspondent was making up her mind to reform—that is, to put the emergency brake on her enthusiasm—for she was seated for the third time at *Le Sexe Faible,* which served her right. It was a quite natural result of her ravings, for every arriving visitor of her acquaintance asks her to accompany him to Bourdet's play. In the first entr'acte everybody rushed out to buy the latest *Intran,* and news of the Radical-Socialists collapse was flashed on the screen.

During the week a boy friend who lives in the Avenue Hoche (pronounced Awshe) told me that ministers, senators, and deputies had been constantly calling upon André Tardieu, who has been living in the Hôtel Royal Monceau while his own house in the Avenue de Messine is being redecorated, as though he had never been anything but Premier. The callers formed an excellent clue. After seeing them, this same friend of mine would rush down to his bank, where uncannily correct prophecies were made as to the exact number of votes that would cause the Government to fall.

BUT the people I really feel sorry for during this political upheaval are the ambitious wives of "quarante sous" politicians, who became so wrought up over the possibilities of their husband's destinies that they discharged their mediocre cooks, engaged better ones in hopes of future entertaining, and decided on what furniture they would borrow from the Garde Meuble Nationale to be put in the apartments at the Ministries. And they had the shock of their lives when presented with jewels by their husbands in an emotion of extravagance —the husbands took them back at half-past nine on the evening of February twenty-fifth!

THIS week I took one look at the patrons of the Café Maldoror in the Boulevard Edgar-Quinet, and then I ran right out. I do not recall if I ran any faster than the two boys with me. Anyhow, we nearly knocked the door down in our hurry. . . . I have heard that Saturday night is the gala for all the queer men and women in Paris, who gather at

(Continued on page 558)

"Presented with jewels by their husbands in an emotion of extravagance"

Fred Daniels

ANNA MAY WONG

A new photograph of the charming little Chinese-American film star. Her first talkie, "Haitang," was an enormous success at its world première in Zurich, and proved a great personal triumph for the little lady, who learned German specially to play lead in it

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 556)

ART: BOTH BLACK AND WHITE

the Recamier in the Rue de Mont-Thabor. I know that in New York such meeting-places exist, and the best-known one is called "Paul and Joe's." But I did not know that in wicked Paris such a sight was to be seen and in such a harmless-looking tea-room as the Recamier.

SEEN at the Grand Ecart, where there is now a perfectly damn grand Brazilian jazz band, the Duke of Leeds. Seen at the Ritz, the Marchioness of Huntly, Lady Sassoon, and the Hon. Dorothy Paget and Michael Arlen. At the Gare St. Lazare, Henri Matisse, the painter, on his way to the Marquesa Islands.

AT the Musée de l'Orangerie, the pavilion nearest the river, and sitting atop the Tuileries Terrace, is an exhibition commemorating the centenary (this is centenary year) of the birth of Camille Pissaro. To avoid a crowd I went in the morning, when, of course, I found a crowd. Entering the gallery I saw, to my surprise, four walls hung with beautiful etchings and aquatints on steel, zinc, and soft-grounds. Before opening the catalogue, bound in yellow with the title printed in green, which shows that the Beaux Arts, with the coming of spring, may be coming to life, I found something very personal, almost confidential, about these prints. I then learned that the entire collection was left to the State by the artists after the plates had been destroyed.

NO wonder that I had never before known that Pissaro etched; just leave anything that doesn't come under the explicit category of painting to the Louvre and it will remain a secret for ever. I have lived in Paris for years, and every time I have asked a guard please to tell me where they keep the drawings of Leonardo or Michael Angelo (and the museum possesses hundreds of them) you would think that I had been asking where to find roller-skates.

Pissaro made these etchings as an author makes notes, not that they are unfinished, but he was rather shy about them. They are subtle and softly grey in tone, not like the brilliance of a patent "etcher." I always get a thrill when I see other than a painter's paintings, if you know what I mean.

"Saturday night is the gala for all the queer men and women"

AN exhibition of negro art is opening to-day at the Galerie Pigalle, and there is some talk about having the Italian exhibition stop off in Paris on its way home. And I have said all I care to say to-day about Art.

WHILE working on her "Quatre Portraits," which are charming and sympathetic and beautifully written studies of King Ferdinand of Roumania, Herbert Asquith, Anatole France and her father, Jean Lahovary, lately published by Grasset, the Princess Bibesco has been writing a play with Savoir. I had just read a long article in the *Paris-Midi* about this play, *Le Roi des Enfants*, but the newspaper's reporter did not know what I have known since last July. At dinner one evening the princess had told Savoir that when she was a child, living in Biarritz, her governess had punished her unjustly, and she said that she was going to move over the mountains to Spain, where a little boy was king, and he would see that all children were treated fairly. Savoir told her that there was a theme for a play, which has since developed into the story of a young woman, married to a man who, by a previous marriage, has five children. Her husband is very cruel to her, and disguising herself as a child she and the children, in a country ruled by a child-king, organise a revolt against grown-ups in general. Gilbert Miller, now in Paris, has bought the rights to *Le Roi des Enfants* in every language I know of. A. A. Milne is to translate it for the American and English versions.

S. L.

By Frank Whitburn

DEAR OLD LADY (*seeing exhibition dancers for the first time*): "Ballroom dancing is more strenuous than it used to be in *my* young days"

BY S. C. MARTIN

"Fancy seeing you, darling, after all this time. I hardly recognised you, you look so much older!"
"I knew you in a moment. I recognised your hat!"

WHAT MEN ARE WEARING

By F. A. Birchall

The newest style in golf suits. The well-fitting coat and generous plus fours are two important features of this season's style

COUNTRY clothes, as has been said, can make or mar a man, and, like many another facetious remark, this is not totally divorced from the truth. Yet many men who are fastidious about their dress or lounge suits give but little heed to their country appearance. This, of course, comes from the tradition or, shall I say, the fetish, that no gentleman need pay attention to his country appearance.

But this surely is an indefensible habit to-day, when the golfing suit can give perfect comfort with distinction. Perfect ease combined with neatness is indeed the keynote of the present-day golfing suit.

THE coat is no longer the bulky and disproportionate sewing together of rough tweed that was once considered the proper garment for the country and, oddly enough, tolerated by the wearer's womenfolk. In fact, this year's fashion goes so far as to insist that, except for the choice of a three- instead of a two-button front, the style should be identical with that of the lounge coat.

A waistcoat in the country has all but fallen from grace, but it is sad how few of the pullovers which one sees worn blend with the coats over them. The most satisfactory, for both practical and æsthetic reasons, are usually made of a fine cashmere, and with a little patience a pullover of this material can always be found that embodies the colour of the suit. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that the trouble incurred to achieve the right effect will be very fully repaid.

A MAN'S taste or sensibility often plays queer tricks with the length of his plus fours. But the matter is really a simple one. The length of the plus fours should be in proportion to the wearer's height and build. If this principle is kept in mind, a plus four suit can be worn by most men. Tall men, however, should take care not to be lured into exaggeration by the slightly greater length of plus fours this season. For it is a moot point whether long, thin legs covered almost to the ankles with rough tweed are a more æsthetic sight than short, fat legs exposed almost to the knee. As to material, the ideal still remains Shetland homespun for the golfing suit. The wool of this is actually grown in the Shetland Islands and woven there during the winter. Being loosely woven, it is comfortable in summer, yet the excellence of its wool makes it warm in winter. Especially does its elasticity appeal to golfers, but it stands to reason that there is not much of the genuine article to be procured in any one year. If you are after the real thing, take pains not to be deceived by what is ordinarily called Shetland, which is more tightly woven and has not its appearance of "genuineness." Its chief colours are light and dark brown and stony cream, and its texture twill, herring bone, and diamond pattern. But if Shetland homespun is beyond your good fortune to secure, then hand-made Harris tweed in plain colours prove a very good substitute.

The 1930 lounge suit. The coat fits closely over the hips, and is slightly longer than last year's, the waistcoat being single-breasted. The trousers are moderately full with a turned-up bottom

A GOOD lounge coat should, of course, be "built" on a man and not fitted. The general effect, in other words, is more important than the finicky adjustment of a seam.

The chief characteristics this year are breadth of shoulder and ample width across the back, which give ease and comfort to the jacket. The waistline is low, and the coat fits snugly over the hips. Three buttons are worn on the front, with high, soft, rolling lapels. These lapels may be either of the double-breasted kind, as those of a dress coat, or single-breasted, called the step-collar. Sleeves are narrow all the way down and finished with three or four buttons. Worn on the short side so as to show ample shirt cuff, this gives an extremely smart appearance to the wearer.

Another point about this year's lounge coat is that it is slightly longer than last year's and is made to button by the middle button, whilst it is so cut and the buttons are so placed as to give the effect of a low waist.

The most popular waistcoat is the single-breasted of five or six buttons with a long and narrow opening.

TROUSERS are moderately full with a turned-up bottom. The generously pleated top with a waistband is still retained to give room to the hips. Perhaps most important of all, trousers should be worn on the long side to give the suspicion of a break over the shoe, as in evening trousers. The new cloths are very fine worsted or cashmere in grey, blue, or brown, with self-coloured stripes or white lines in them. Popular also is fine Saxony with Glenurquhart checks, gun checks, and shepherd's checks in brown and white, or grey and white.

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FILM NOTES

ENTER A NEW SCREEN IDOL

By Lionel Collier

Lew Ayres as Paul Baumer, the leader of the schoolboy heroes, in a typical scene from the Universal super picture, which, while following the book, will be more graphic than Herr Remarque's masterpiece

MOST modern musical comedies are weak in story, and "Sally" is no exception to the rule. Luckily it does not matter, and this, not because the music is particularly good, but because of the appearance of Marilyn Miller in the name part.

This American stage star will soon have all London's picture-goers at her feet at the Regal, where the film is appearing. Her unsophisticated charm, her beauty, her dancing, and her singing demand it.

She is most versatile in regard to the steps she uses. She is as happy doing an intricate piece of ballet dancing as she is when indulging in the most modern of American "break downs." Her smile is infectious and there is a freshness about her demeanour which is a very pleasant change from so many American heroines.

In this scene from "All Quiet on the Western Front," the wounded are seen being carried into the hospital train just behind the line, while further grey-green hordes press on to take their place. Mr. Carl Laemmle and Mr. Lewis Milestone have co-operated in giving the all-talking film version of this famous book the real, authentic atmosphere of 1914-18

ALTOGETHER, though, "Sally" is enjoyable entertainment. I did not like the hero's (Alexander Gray) acting or voice, but one was compensated for that by the clever work by an old screen favourite, Ford Sterling, and a new one, Joe E. Brown. These two did wonders with the very thin humour supplied by the plot and with the somewhat banal dialogue.

The mounting is excellent, with beautifully presented dance numbers on a lavish scale. The large screen is used most effectively on occasions. Notably at a big party, where it gives the illusion of an almost full proscenium arch.

The whole thing is in colour, and while it is very good of its kind, I feel that the process has not reached a good enough state of perfection to rival monochrome. It gives one the effect of looking through a gauze veil, and consequently much expression is lost. In some of the long shots, however, where this is not so important, exquisite colour combinations are obtained.

By the way, Marilyn Miller has appeared on the stage over here under the management of Sir Oswald Stoll in 1914 in "Oh! Joy." She was then just developing that beauty and grace which will captivate the town.

A Notable Silent Picture

IN the midst of the talkie conquest I feel I must refer to two silent pictures which form, as it were, oases of rest in a rather too cacophonous screen world. After all, the silent screen had developed an art of its own which has been largely neglected. For those who appreciate that particular form of pictorial art I would recommend a visit to "The Wonderful Lie."

It is not, I believe, likely to appear at any of the "super" London theatres, so that it will be necessary to keep an eye out for it at some of the less spectacular halls.

Brigitte Helm and Franz Lederer enjoy breakfast on the floor in "The Wonderful Lie," a silent Gaumont-Ufa picture now generally released

In it we are given quite a conventional story of a woman's sacrifice for the man she loves, but the extraordinary sincerity of detail, the realism and convincing atmosphere, as well as the consummate art of the players, make it one of the great achievements of the screen.

Brigitte Helm appears as the mistress of a Russian colonel who falls in love with a lieutenant in the same regiment. She breaks with the colonel and lives with the lieutenant. But he is poor and, to get a little luxury for his mistress, he cheats at cards and is discovered by the colonel. The colonel does not give him away, but makes him sign a document confessing his guilt. Armed with this he approaches the woman and threatens ruin unless she comes back to him. She agrees, feigns to hate her lover, and, going to the colonel, commits suicide. He arrives to find her dead.

S

THE director is Hans Schwartz, who was responsible for "Homecoming," and all the art and skill apparent there is again introduced here. Some people may criticise him for a slowness of tempo at times, but even the tempo is altered to suit the varying moods of the tragedy; when it brightens action quickens, only to return again to an inevitable slow march to the finale.

Hans Schwartz has made his characters live and introduced a pre-War Russian atmosphere which is entirely convincing. I like the way, too, in which he rounds off his theme by a return to the opening shots which, formerly followed by happiness, in the final scenes close on the heels of tragedy.

No praise is too high for the acting; Brigitte Helm is amazingly good as the heroine. For so young a woman to portray a part like this, one which is full of sophistication and experience, is remarkable. Warwick Ward, as a Russian colonel, gives the best performance he has ever given, not excepting the one in "Vaudeville." As the juvenile lead, Franz Lederer is fresh and appealing, forming the needed contrast to Brigitte Helm's sophistication.

Sally is equally charming as a waitress and later as the star dancer in the same café. Marilyn Miller, one of the most famous musical comedy stars of America, sings and dances delightfully in "Sally," the First National all-colour talkie, which is attracting large crowds to the Regal

Pictorial Art at its Best

IN the same way there is pictorial art and development in "City Girl," a picture made by F. W. Murnau. This German director was responsible for that notable film, "The Last Laugh," and has now been in America some time. His greatest achievement there was "Sunrise."

The story is a homely one of a farmer's son who goes to Chicago to sell wheat and arrives home with poor prices and a wife. The father is prejudiced against the girl from the beginning, and feels sure she tricked his son into marriage. Finally, however, she breaks down his prejudice.

As you can see, it is all very simple but it is also extremely human; a piece of life that holds one and convinces.

It is entirely a director's picture; that is, the settings and direction are greater than the acting of Charles Farrell, Mary Duncan and David Torrence, although they are all good. Points in the production are the beauty of the farm scenes and their contrast to city life.

S

I HAD looked forward to Gertrude Lawrence's first appearance on the screen in "The Battle of Paris," but while one can praise her individual performance one can hardly do the same to the picture as a whole. She moves intriguingly through a story which starts dramatically and degenerates into farce and cabarets with a most impossible Parisian underworld and war-time atmosphere as a most attractive and charming figure.

She sings extremely well, and one can only look forward with renewed hope to her next appearance. L. C.

Mr. Hartnell finds inspiration in his typically collegiate rooms

The 'Varsity Spirit in Dressmaking

Mr. Norman Hartnell, the well-known Mayfair dressmaker, still keeps up Varsity traditions in his moments of recreation. He says that contrast is everything in his business, and he divides his time between designing gowns for Society women and taking strenuous exercise. Mr. Hartnell was a leading light in the Footlights Club at Cambridge.

Two appropriately named models—"Centre Forward" and "Scrum Half"

Two early morning snaps of England's youngest dress designer

FLYING NOTES

FLYING MACHINES PAST AND PRESENT

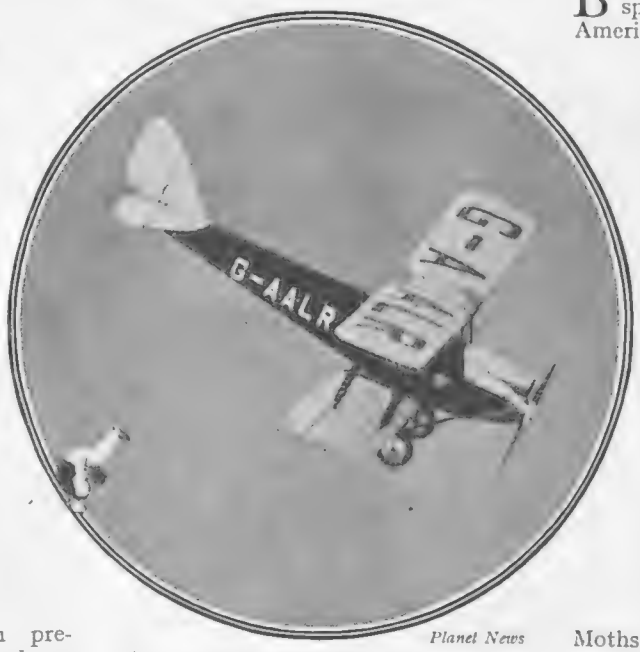
By Capt. C. E. Ward

L.N.A.

Some of the chorus from the Dominion Theatre who attended the flying meeting of the cast of "Silver Wings," the new musical comedy. With this human cargo aboard the wings seemed to glitter more than ever

"The Evolution of the Flying Machine"

UNDER this somewhat forbidding title, suggesting higher mathematics, power curves and G.A. drawings, Harry Harper has written quite the most interesting book I have read for a long time on the history of flying. A remarkable collection of illustrations adds interest to the story, which deals with aviation from the days of Icarus and his centre section of wax. Step by step, the tale of man's conquest of the air is unfolded—crude imitations of the wings of a bird, the hot air balloons, aerial "Galleys" fitted with oars, the early gliders, and finally the first aeroplane much as we know it to-day, a set of planes under control, driven forward by an engine and propeller. During the ten years which preceded the late War, aeroplanes developed from being mere grasshoppers to the stage of long-distance flights for hundreds of miles. London to Paris was flown non-stop in 1911 by Paprier, his time being four hours. The first air mail service was operated in the same year from London to Windsor, 130,000 letters being carried by pilots of the Graham-White Company. The history of the air mail is yet to be written. I had hoped that Mr. Gibbard Jackson's book, "From Post Boy to Air Mail," would deal with this subject, but beyond a general reference to some of the existing services it is concerned with the history of our greatest multiple store, the "Post Office." The day is not far distant when all first-class letter mails will be carried by air over any distance more than 200 miles, and letters will be conveyed quicker than ever.



Planet News

An unusual photograph taken from another aeroplane of John Tranum, the Danish parachutist, who dived from the wings of an aeroplane during a flying entertainment at Brooklands. He fell five hundred feet before he opened his parachute

Kenya Takes to the Air

THE Prince of Wales's practical interest in aviation has already had a good effect in Kenya, where he has been flying over the game reserves to get pictures from the air. A number of well-known people in the Colony are inquiring about prices of light 'planes, and Captain Campbell Black has the two Avro five-seaters and the Moth fully employed on passenger flights. The aerodrome at Nairobi is on the edge of the Athi Plain, and is probably unique in the world in that all kinds of game, including wildebeest, buck, gazelle, ostriches and even lions are to be seen close to its boundaries. Commander Glen Kidston, with his green Moth specially equipped for photographing game, compared flying experiences with the Prince when they met on the aerodrome. The Aero Club of East Africa has received its presentation Moth from Lord Wakefield. The usual dash of champagne was administered by the Hon. Lady Grigg, and the machine, having been christened Acea (the initial letters of the Club), it was taken on its first flight by Mr. John Carberry. Amongst other pilots flying at Nairobi are Sir Pyers Mostyn, Fl.-Lt. Swoffer, and Sq.-Ldr. Wynn-Eaton, the latter having migrated temporarily from Rhodesia.

Keeping Up the Circulation

BRITISH light 'planes occupy in their sphere the same position abroad as American cars—the others also fly, but they are few and far between. The metal edition of the Bluebird has arrived in Australia, where its wooden ancestor already has a good name. The Avian, with metal fuselage and Genet Major engine, has its own showrooms as far afield as Cape Town, Singapore and Mexico City, while Shell's of Egypt have recently put one into the air for their travelling representative in the Near East.

Moths on skis have been putting in more good work in Canada; their Gipsy engines seem to find no difficulty in keeping warm at temperatures down to 42 degrees below zero. In one month at the beginning of this year well over 300 hours' school flying was carried out by the Ontario Provincial Air Service on two Gipsy Moths, with the mercury below zero continuously.

Recent Interesting Events

MEET *Silver Wings* was quite one of the most enjoyable flying meetings for a long time. The Brooklands School usually stages a good show, and on this occasion arranged that the entire cast of *Silver Wings* should see something of the real thing in flying. Incidentally, several thousands of other people also enjoyed an afternoon's entertainment, which included aerobatics, joy-riding and "man overboard"—otherwise, John Tranum with his parachute. The second competition for the Ashwelle-Cooke Challenge Cup was won at Lympne by Mr. R. H. Wynne, the Club's engineer, who went solo quite recently and in fact had less than four hours solo flying to his credit when he entered.

The Gipsy Moth 2-Seater Light Aeroplane is the ideal owner-pilot's machine. Its high standard of performance is proved by its record. It has won the King's Cup Air Race three years in succession, making Fastest Time for light aircraft in 1929. It is the only British light aeroplane to hold World's Records—Speed and Altitude—and it established the Duration Record for its class by remaining in the air for 24 successive hours. It is employed by the British Royal Air Force and by 16 Dominion and Foreign Governments for training or official duties, and is the standard machine at the majority of Flying Clubs and Schools throughout the World. Apart from its long list of international competition successes, the Moth has pioneer and long distance flights to its credit amounting in total mileage to more than nine times round the Globe

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A general view of the ring at the Dulverton Hunt Puppy Show. This was held at Court Hall, North Molton, in Devon, on the estate of Lord and Lady Poltimore, and attracted a large number of spectators. The above photograph was taken during the judging

VERMIN

By "Clodhopper"

A VERY brief inspection of a gamekeeper's "gibbet" is sufficient to tell an experienced shooter or game-rearer whether the keepers employed on an estate are intelligent men and discriminating vermin-killers or whether they are ignorant, narrow-minded dolts, by whom every creature clad in fur or feathers is regarded as an enemy to game and a dangerous felon of the wild fit only to adorn a woodland gibbet. And not only may a keeper be known by the quality and nature of the vermin displayed in his arboreal "larder" but—like man, like master—the employer of a gamekeeper who wantonly shoots and traps everything that flies or creeps within the purlieus of his coverts and rearing-fields is almost invariably woefully ignorant of the habits and habitats of the fauna and avifauna of his native country. He is also ignorant of the fact that the highly desirable accomplishment of performing brilliantly in the shooting-field at driven game sans a knowledge of woodcraft does not constitute a sportsman in the true sense of the word.

ONE evening last spring, during that phase of the rearing season when pheasants begin to don feathers in lieu of down, a great hulking, beery-complexioned specimen of a "velveteen," who, locally, bore the somewhat questionable reputation of being a "converted poacher," proudly produced from the hare-pocket of his brand-new corduroy coat, for my special edification, a very sorry-looking and bedraggled night-jar or fern-owl. "Oi waited up for that theer thievin' little ode varminty owl dree nights afore I got 'un a sneakin' round the coops. Look at his gert gob, sir. It be very nigh big enough to swaller one o' my young birds at a gollop," said the worthy warden of game, ramming the while a huge and grubby index finger between the unfortunate "moth-hunter's" gaping mandibles. In these enlightened days one does not kick a neighbour's servant—especially if the servant takes the form of a stalwart gamekeeper standing about 6ft. 3in. in his stockings—into a neighbour's brook, although I should have taken keen delight in pitching the chawbacon in question into a deep and muddy dyke, on the edge of which he happened to be standing at the time.

AS a safe and wise alternative I endeavoured to drill into his oaken pate the fact that his "thievin' varmint" was purely and simply a harmless night bird which had been hawking round his rearing-field for moths and other winged insects. But he would have none of it. His employer—a retired Nottinghamshire lace manufacturer—was the proud owner of an expensive library of books on ornithology and field sports. Having read up the history of that handsome but undesirable feathered alien, the little owl, in one of those same highly ornate volumes, Mr. Newacres, apparently, misidentified the defunct night-jar as a poaching representative of the before-mentioned species of the Strigidœ order, and, therefore, commended his worthy henchman as a keen and trusty guardian of game and slayer of vermin. Recently, when hunting with the local pack of foxhounds (Mr. Newacres' coverts were, as usual, drawn blank), I noticed that kestrels predominated over every other kind of vermin in the ex-poacher-keeper's larder. And the kestrel is, generally speaking, the least harmful of feathered vermin to the game and chicken rearer, and certainly the best of all the farmers' many winged friends, with the exception, perhaps, of the green plover.

SUCH extremely rare and noble birds of prey as the peregrine falcon, the harriers and the buzzards, though included in the category of vermin, should surely be protected by sportsmen and keepers alike, lest they become extinct. The same remark applies to the raven, more particularly in regard to any stray specimen met with south of the Scottish border. I also make a plea for the beautiful little merlin, and the hobby, neither of which is capable of doing any appreciable harm to game; indeed, the latter is to all intents and purposes insectivorous.

AND what about the much-maligned kestrel; a true falcon, but one so deficient in courage and so weak of talon that it will tackle none but the smallest of birds? It must be confessed, however, that an old female "hoverer" will, when hard pressed to feed her young, pick up freshly hatched partridges and pheasant chicks, returning again and again to the scene of her depredations until she has carried off the whole brood. Short shrift must be meted out to all such desperate marauders; though, generally speaking, the kestrel confines its hunting to the pursuit of mice, beetles, slow-worms and pests noxious to agriculture. Within the limits of space allocated to me I cannot write to the length I would wish upon the subject of vermin. The following predacious animals and birds, however, must not be spared by the gamekeeper: the polecat, stoat, weasel, poaching-cat, brown rat, hedgehog, sparrow hawk, little owl, "hoodie," and carrion crow, magpie, jackdaw and jay.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

THE SHOOTING LIBRARY

AN interesting outlet for keenness on shooting is to form a small library of books dealing with the subject. London offers many days in the late winter and early spring which tempt one to prolong the usual stroll with added pleasure if the stroll has a purpose. Few better could be suggested to the keen sportsman than to possess himself of the shooting classics, for not only is there the joy of successful search, but following the quieter satisfaction of reading what the old pundits on the subject had to say. A nice edition of Hawker is, of course, the start. Folkard is more thorough on wildfowling, but not as charming a writer. Lacy is amusing. Thomas, alias Johnson, of an earlier date, ran into a confusing number of editions. Dougall in a later period is a pleasant and instructive gunmaker author. Walsh, the country doctor, who became editor of the "Field," was a genius. Then there are the Badminton volumes, closely related in date to the Fur and Feather series, with bound volumes of the "Badminton Magazine," together the history of a remarkable epoch in shooting, rendered the more remarkable by the fact that its aristocratic exponents took up the pen and wrote with fine vigour and understanding. To be well informed to-day you should study the vivid writers on this almost unchanging topic.

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How to Make Money at Bridge

XIII—Contract Conventions: (D)—The Challenge

By "Aces Easy"

BEFORE abandoning (I hope for ever) the vexed question of the Vanderbilt Club, I must tell my readers of a corollary to it invented by a personal friend of my own which, while as super-conventional as the Vanderbilt itself, renders this device infinitely more valuable. If South call a Club, irrespective of the Club holding, and North deny quick tricks with a call, irrespective of his Diamonds, of a Diamond, South, under the new convention, calls a Spade, irrespective of his Spades. This conveys to North the information that he must bid, no matter how weak his hand may be. It is, in fact, on all fours with a second negative double in Auction, as when South, one Spade; West, double; North, two Spades; East and South, no bid; West, Double. This forces East to show what he has, no matter how weak. The Spade Convention gets a true bid to be made in terms of relative strength.

If, therefore, South holds the classic Vanderbilt, symbolised by S.—A, K, x, x; H.—A, K, x, x; D.—A, K, x, x; C.—x, and bids a Club; North, a Diamond; South now calls a Spade and North must bid his best suit. The chances are that he holds (a) the Clubs stopped, in which case South goes no trumps; or (b) a four-card suit to fit with South's enormous hand. I recommend all Clubbers to adopt the Spade convention and, moreover, all partners of Clubbers to request them to adopt it. If the Vanderbilt is played, this device gains hundreds of points.

THE Challenge is a scheme from America to eliminate the grave confusion caused by the negative double. If a call be made which, normally, you would negatively double, you "challenge" it. This does not eliminate the "business pass" of the negative double, for a challenge cannot, by law, be left in by the challenger's partner. Should such a partner inadvertently pass, he is considered to have doubled and the challenger may not bid to take out the de facto double until one of the opposition has bid again.

All doubles are thus rendered business, or positive, doubles. The Challenge is equally applicable to Contract and Auction.

THE old dilemma, "is it positive or negative," or the old catechism of the (literally) 14 ways of using the negative double are, thus, done away with at one fell swoop. If South, a No Trump; West, two Spades; North *doubles* on a double stop in Spades and a trick outside; he *challenges* on a single Spade and three four-card suits headed by a good honour. Previously he had to pass on one and double on the other, but which hand justified the double depended on his conventions. Or, South one No Trump, no, no, two Spades; South would challenge on S.—x, x; H.—A, Q, 10; D.—A, K, x, x; C.—A, Q, J, x; and double were the Spade and Club holding reversed.

One may, also, if one believes it to be worth while, challenge a bid of more than one No Trump or three of a suit—the limit of bids open to negative doubling, even in America. Such cases must inevitably be rare, but for what it is worth the challenge gives an advantage over the old system.

THE grave potential disadvantage lies in the danger that players will challenge on weaker hands than those on which they were wont to double, and heaven knows they were often much too weak. A challenger should hold at least six tricks and must be prepared for the partner to answer by a double if he hold two tricks in the opposing suit.

PINK MEDICINE (*continued from page* 555)

only that about them? Come, you are joking. The village idiot could tell me more than that!"

"I showed him everything," said Lena desperately. "The doctor also said the same; but the Heiliger said as well you were too ill now to work."

"Well, if I am too ill to move, he might well say I am too ill to work!" growled Seppel. "What I want to know is, whether I shall get well or die, and how to avoid dying, for no one wants to die if he can help it."

Luchs finished his soup and crept back to Lena's feet.

"A dog may not go to heaven when he dies, but he loves God while he lives," Lena thought to herself. She raised her eyes fearfully to Seppel's.

"But will it not be very nice in heaven?" she demanded. "Always sunshine, and no hunger. Will it be so bad to die, Seppel? Life is hard; I do not think death can be any harder."

"Hard or soft, you know what it is," said Seppel crossly. "How do I know that I shall get to heaven when I die either, even if I want to be there—and I don't particularly."

"Did the Wise Man say I was going to die?" he asked fearfully.

Lena heard the fear in his voice, and it softened her heart towards him. Very gently she dislodged the faithful head that rested on her foot.

"ALL men must die," she said. "The holy man did not say you need die at once—nor perhaps soon—nor perhaps this winter at all."

"That's something, at any rate," growled Seppel. "Kick that lump of a dog away from the fire, Lena—he takes up too much room."

Luchs had put his head back again on her foot; she stooped to pat him, and he licked her hand as she bent over him. She met his faithful amber eyes, and what she saw in them was a trust so inexhaustible that it shook her heart.

"I dare say you want to get rid of me!" went on Seppel suspiciously. "Then you could have the warmest corner by the stove, and you and the dog would have everything and I—nothing!"

"No, I don't want you to die!" said Lena, with frightened emphasis. "I don't want you to have nothing!"

"Well, you don't seem to want me to have very much," said Seppel. "Haven't you even brought me back a bottle of medicine from that old dunderhead on the hill?"

Lena was silent for quite a long while; so long that Luchs thought it safe to shut his eyes for a brief moment; and Seppel, enraged by her silence, took up a jagged piece of stick which had fallen near him, and threw it at the dog.

Luchs started up with a whine and faced towards Seppel. He knew well enough the stick could only come from there.

Then Lena made up her mind. If Seppel had not thrown the stick she had meant to let him live, but men who throw sticks at sleeping dogs for spite need not live.

"Yes," she said quickly, "the Heiliger gave me a bottle of pink medicine for you; he thinks it will do you good; and he didn't even make me pay a shilling—but I'm to take back the bottle afterwards."

"Well, we'll see about that when the time comes," growled Seppel; "the medicine can't be good for much if you didn't have to pay for it. Nevertheless, let's have a look at the bottle; and give me back the shilling. It's not likely I'm going to let you squander it on yourself or that cursed animal, so you needn't think it! Why don't you hurry up and give me the bottle? It's my medicine, isn't it, not yours?"

"Yes, it's *your* medicine," said Lena, leaving her soup unfinished, "not mine." She poured out the first dose of the pink medicine and gave it to her husband.

Phyllis Bottome

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Fashions Fancies

BELTS ARE A FEATURE OF THE NEW SPRING COATS

Wide belts, worn at the natural waistline, lend a youthful air to many of the informal coats which will be launched this spring. Burberrys, in the Haymarket, have used Saxony tweed in shades of fawn, white, and chocolate brown for this model, which has a generous wrap despite its slender lines. The stitched empiècement on the novel collar and the uneven-shaped cuffs are points of interest

Gay Colours for the Spring

By Olive Caley Smith

A jumper in apple green, chocolate, and natural-coloured stripes enlivens this brown and white suit from Harvey Nichols, while the one on the left is expressed in magpie-hued tweed

Frocks which Silhouette the Figure

FASHION will pipe a merry tune this Spring, for she has set her heart on colours that are as fresh and vital as country flowers, and especially she has a fondness for green, in every shade from lettuce to that turquoise hue that is neither quite blue nor quite green. This phase is particularly noticeable in the realm of tweeds because, so far as they are concerned, it represents a new departure. The vogue of the moment is to have a frock made of tweed that is so fine and loosely woven that it is semi-transparent and has a delicate crêpe surface. Such dresses are beautifully moulded to the figure, this end being achieved not by any hint of tightness but by intricate seaming which gives an almost invisible patchwork effect round the hips. Very often they have narrow vests and cuffs of white piqué, and in many instances buttons are used decoratively. They are accompanied by long coats woven from much heavier strands, the patterns consequently appearing much more definite. Sometimes neutral-tinted frocks with flecks of vivid colour are worn beneath coats in which this order of things is reversed.

New Knitted Fabrics

THOUGH there is no denying the triumph of tweed, it must not be thought that knitted fabrics have been relegated to the limbo of the past. Such a thing would not bear contemplation, for their usefulness has won for them a place from which they can never be banished. Sketched at the head of this page are two admirable suits from Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge. The one with the three-quarter length coat is made in a brown and white fabric that looks very like tweed. A deep inverted pleat, accented by stitching, adds width without bulk to the skirt. The striking jumper is banded in shades of apple green, natural, and chocolate, and is expressed in crêpe wool. Black and white knitted tweed is used for the second suit, which has a seven-eighths length coat, bordered with magpie-hued stockinette. These colours are combined with shades of grey in the boldly patterned knitted jumper, and the skirt is shaped to fit the hips.

New Printed Designs

SIMPLE styles are most becoming to English women, and, therefore, though garden-party dresses will be but modified versions of the present evening mode, ensembles for ordinary Town wear will mainly exploit clear-cut lines and restrained ornamentation. A little suit that is certain to win approval is sketched at the foot of this page. It comes from Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road, and costs 12½ guineas. Carried out in black crêpe de Chine, the dress is cleverly cut to suggest a jumper and skirt, though, in point of fact, it is all in one piece. Horizontal bands encircle the hips, surmounting the box-pleated skirt. A narrow belt is worn at the natural waist, and the neck is bordered with printed crêpe de Chine in a small strawberry design. The complementary coat has a becoming scarf collar. Fine black straw fashions the shady hat, rouleaux of plaited felt forming a lace-like edge to the brim.

A Boon to Busy Women

EVERY woman who takes a pride in possessing charming undergarments will appreciate the advantages of being able to secure beautiful ribbons that can be washed again and again without losing one iota of their colour or their lustre. Specially woven for lingerie, Cash's ribbons will stand the strain of vigorous exercise and not break nor fray. They are obtainable in a large variety of pastel hues, and in many delicate brocaded and embroidered designs. An excellent plan is to send a postcard to J. and J. Cash, Ltd. (Dept. W.6), Coventry, asking for their little book, which is full of suggestions regarding the decorative uses to which these ribbons can be put. Actual patterns are included of the Princess, Duchess, and Countess ribbons, and also of the new double satin Cash's Radiant ribbon, which is their latest achievement.

Ideal for a sunny day in Town, this black crêpe de Chine dress is accompanied by a short coat bordered with printed crêpe de Chine in a strawberry design. It comes from Gorringes

GEORGE WHITELAW'S WHO'S ZOO—No. 14

Enoch Arnold Bennett, that bright particular literary star of the Five Towns, is the latest addition to George Whitelaw's Who's Zoo. As a reviewer of books he gives ample evidence of not suffering from literary psitticosis

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

EXCITEMENTS and EXPLANATIONS

By Ralph Straus

I WAS once called on to judge a "best novel" competition. It was an alarming and even rather dreadful experience. There is no difficulty, of course, in dividing the sheep from the goats: you find it easy to say: "This is a good book" or "That is a bad one." But to place half a dozen or more in order of merit—heaven forbid that I should ever have to do it again! But prize competitions are now an annual event, and distinguished authors agree to act as judges—I hope they obtain really fat fees—and no doubt the winners have good reason to thank their stars that they took writing for their trade instead of chartered accountancy or dry goods or the law, or something charmingly simple like that.

ON the whole, however, prize novels are disappointing. Sometimes they are quite dreadfully bad. The publisher, I suppose, feels that he must have a "popular" book for his money, and the judges see only those books which have already been "selected." Now, "popular" books can be very good indeed, but they often are not. There are hundreds of novels which sell in their fifty-thousands which I find wholly unreadable. What, then, of *The Seventh Gate* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.*), which has just won a prize of £1,000?

IT is a large sum of money for a first novel to earn. The number of first novels which earn even a tenth of this sum is remarkably small. And I must congratulate Miss Muriel Harris, the author of this book, on her good fortune. But I must also congratulate her judges, for they have dared to choose a book which, though very good in itself, is not one that in ordinary circumstances could, I imagine, have commanded a very large sale.

WHY not? Well, in the first place, the story itself verges on fantasy, and a large number of readers fight shy of fantasy. They are afraid lest they may not altogether have "understood." They may find it a little difficult to tell their friends "what it is all about." In the second place, Miss Harris allows you to take her story in more than one way, and it is a very strange and even "difficult" story. Then, in the third place, there is what some people will call "an unhappy ending."

YET it is one of the most delicate and original stories I have read for some time. Imagine one of those middle-aged spinsters, forced to live in uncongenial surroundings, who has missed almost everything that a woman could ask for. Nobody has fallen in love with her, nobody even likes her very much, and she has no money at all—nothing, indeed, except, perhaps, a touch of genius deep down within her which has never been given the chance to get out. Such a woman is Catherine Troon, and in the ordinary way her life would be one long, drab thing.

BUT it happens that a philosopher has given her a new and strange faith. Why should not her "wasted sex" be used to advantage? She is fond of music—with a more ordinary sister she is forced to teach the piano—and why should not all her energies, all her life-force (or whatever you like to call it) be forced into a musical channel? She believes that it can be done, and done it is. You may argue that the method adopted is too vaguely suggested: perhaps it is. On the other hand, it is just conceivable that no "method" at all is necessary. Genius will out if you give it a fair chance.

IN Catherine's case, however, the oddest things happen. She becomes an automaton. She sings like nobody ever sang before. And, miraculously, she regains her youth. Instead of a plain and faded women in her forties you have a glorious creature with whom every man who meets her falls desperately in love. But all the "life-force" has gone into her voice, and their love cannot be returned, and at the height of her triumph this mechanical genius dies.

NOT in the least "popular," you see. Not even altogether easy to understand, and yet extraordinarily interesting to read. Moreover Miss Harris has the quaintest gift of humour. Apart from Catherine herself, her people are the greatest fun. Old Mrs. Boscarlet and her "Tired Teachers," Mrs. Troon and her gentility, the good Elsie and all the men—these are real people whose antics cannot fail to amuse you. In fact they are so genuinely entertaining that I could almost have wished the story had been a little more "ordinary." But it is a first-class piece of work which I can heartily recommend.

I WISH I could say the same of another first novel from the same publisher, but *Men in their Shirt Sleeves* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Benvenuto Sheard, seems to me to be a tissue of nonsense. I may be old-fashioned, but I cannot see anything in the short career of Manfred, a

Vaughan and Freeman

MR. CLAUDE HOUGHTON

Whose new mystery novel, "I Am Jonathan Scrivener," has just been published by Thornton Butterworth at 7s. 6d. A review of it appears in this article

MISS MURIEL HARRIS

Whose latest novel, "The Seventh Gate," is published by Jonathan Cape. She was the winner of the £1,000 prize offered jointly by Messrs. Cape and Messrs. Harper Bros.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

vapid young man who marries on the spur of the moment, after being saved from suicide, and dies for no particular reason. "Gup and gup and gup," says Manfred on one occasion, and I am inclined to apply his words to this wholly unnecessary book about him.

ON the other hand I have no hesitation in drawing your attention to another story which, like *The Seventh Gate,* is more than a little strange. For some reason I have missed Mr. Claude Houghton's previous work, but after reading his new novel, *I am Jonathan Scrivener* (Thornton Butterworth: 7*s.* 6*d.*), I propose to miss nothing of his in the future.

NOW this is not a detective story and it is not a story of crime, yet there is a mystery about it which is not cleared up until the last page, and even then—well, you will be required to use your intelligence. Who and what is this Jonathan Scrivener? Everybody wants to know, not least the young man who has been engaged as his secretary without ever having seen him, and who meets his curious friends. Why does Scrivener never come to his Pall Mall flat where the new secretary is made so comfortable? Is he dead or alive? Why does he know people so different from one another as the beautiful Mrs. Bellamy, the lazy Rivers, Pauline Mandeville and the horrible Denvers?

THESE are questions which gradually assume the greatest importance. You cannot put the book down. Why? Why?

BOOKS RECEIVED

HOUSE SINISTER. By Horace Newte. (Nash and Grayson: 7s. 6d.)
DRIFTWOOD SPARS. By P. C. Wren. (Murray: 2s.)
FATHER GREGORY. By P. C. Wren. (Murray: 2s.)
THE MAD SHEPHERDESS. By Hugh Brooke. (Longman: 7s. 6d.)
THE BLACKLEG. By Stacey W. Hyde. (Longman: 7s. 6d.)
HEAT WAVE. By Denise Robins. (Mills and Boon: 7s. 6d.)
THE MINK COAT. By Edith Brill. (Toulmin: 7s. 6d.)
CLUES OF THE CARIBBEES. By T. S. Stribling (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.)
THE GENTLEMAN IN THE PARLOUR. By Somerset Maugham. (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.)
EXILES. By Warwick Deeping. (Cassells: 7s. 6d.)
DAGGERS DRAWN. By Alan Thomas. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)
THE ALBATROSS. By Morgan Gibbon. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)
GILBERT THE GHOST. By D. Raleigh King. (Cecil Palmer: 7s. 6d.)
THE MIRACLE OF PEILLE. By J. L. Campbell. (Collins: 6s.)
BY MISADVENTURE. By R. J. Fletcher. (Murray: 7s. 6d.)
THE FLAGRANT YEARS. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. (Hamilton: 7s. 6d.)
PENDING HEAVEN. By William Gerhardi. (Duckworth: 7s. 6d.)
THE FIGHT OF THE FIRECREST. By Alain Gerbault. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5s. 6d.)
THE THOUSANDTH MAN. By Lewis Cox. (Mills and Boon: 7s. 6d.)

Why? There is never the least question of a crime, although it is more than once suggested that Scrivener himself has not left England of his own accord. Then what does it all mean? Is everybody mad?

WELL, in due course the new secretary comes to a pretty shrewd conclusion about his employer. I see no reason to suppose that it is not the correct one. And I admit that those who are expecting one of those usual "surprises" may be slightly disappointed. But they will come to see that Mr. Houghton has managed to give life to a curiously new idea. And even if they are angry with the author for daring to close his story where he does, they will admit that he has mystified and entertained them in a book which is delightfully written.

I COME to an amusingly instructive little book by Mr. Leonard Henslowe, who in his time has written about most things, including motor cars and health. In *Living as We Do* (Joseph: 2*s.* 6*d.*) he begins with some very sound advice about diet and daily habits, and goes on to print a number of replies to questions about good health sent him by numerous distinguished people. These make excellent reading.

BERNARD SHAW naturally refuses to attribute his good health to anything at all, but he is the only timid one of the whole hundred. A few of them seem to have trusted to their ancestors or good luck, though the majority would certainly agree with Mr. Henslowe, and have practised the moderation that he preaches. And, reading what he has to say, it does seem curious that so many of us manage to survive so long without looking after ourselves. I suggest that this manual in miniature be given to all and sundry when their birthday comes round.

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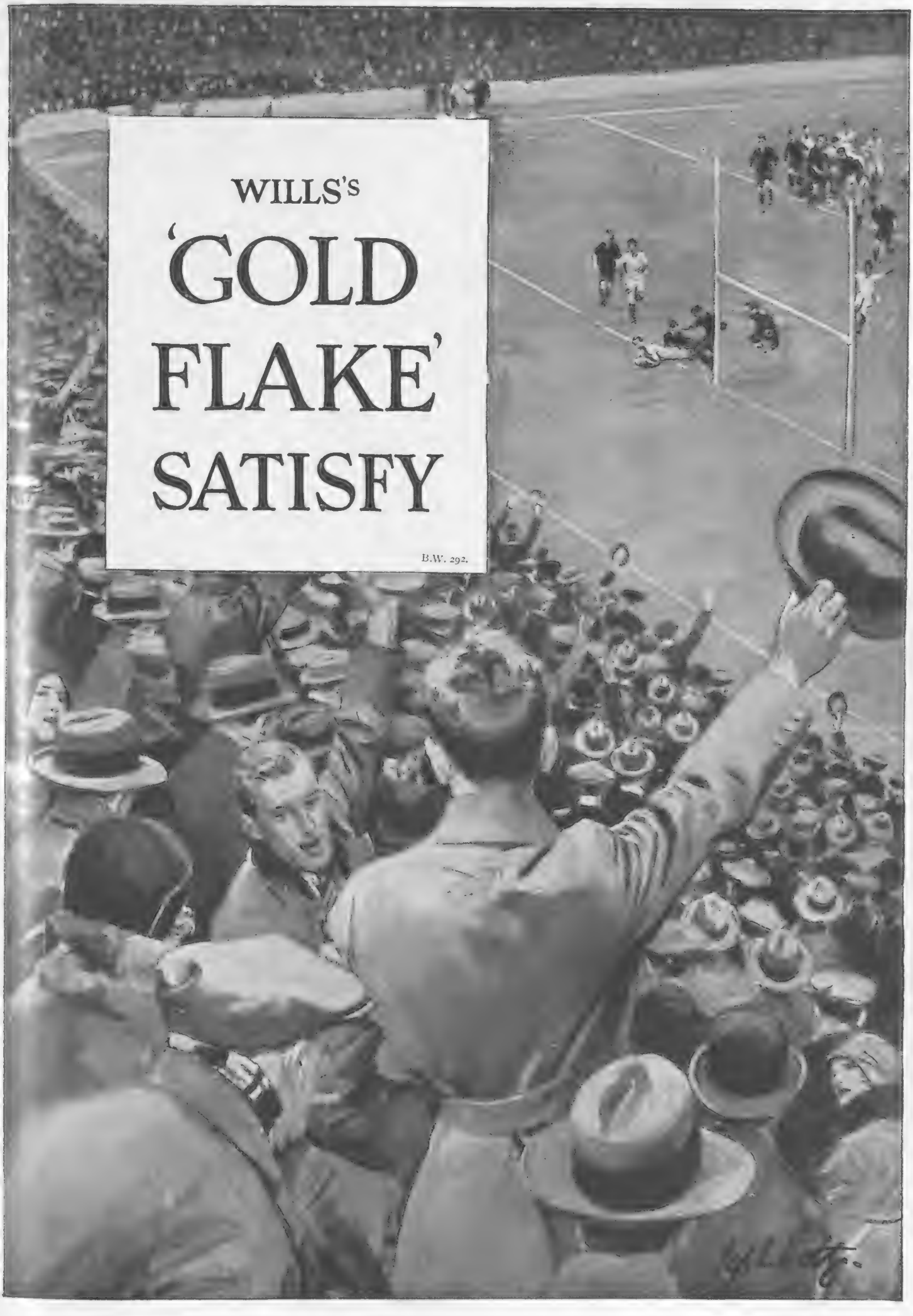
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MOTOR NOTES

SENSE AND THE SECOND-HAND

By E. M. Wright

PROSPECTIVE buyers often look askance at second-hand cars. But there are thousands of seasoned motorists who never dream of buying new ones—from choice rather than from necessity. Their argument, very shortly, is the somewhat revolutionary one that you know what you are getting when you buy second-hand. You cannot try a new car, and if anything should be wrong there is, at the very least, trouble and delay in having it put right, even when the work is done under the maker's guarantee, while the guarantee itself, if interpreted at all literally, contains many pitfalls for the unwary. Then, again, in buying second-hand, you are not tied down to standard catalogue prices, and if you have an eye for a bargain, there are excellent ones to be picked up.

***

ONE of the chief advantages of buying second-hand, however, is that you can very materially save on depreciation. The first year is the worst in this respect, but if you are content to own a car which is not in the height of fashion—but is none the less a very serviceable vehicle—you can by judicious buying and selling at the right time keep a car at the very minimum of loss on depreciation. As for the novice, I should strongly advise him not to make his mistakes on a new car. At no time does a car call for expert handling as it does during the running-in stage; and it is just then that the novice is most likely to treat it roughly.

***

THE usual objection to buying second-hand is that you may be "had." Of course, you may; but it is utterly untrue to suppose that every second-hand car is, ipso facto, a dud. Every car on the road is, from the point of view of buying or selling a second-hand one. Why, therefore, imagine that a car which was excellent when it was the private property of Mr. Everyman is automatically a dud the moment it enters the showroom of a second-hand dealer. Mr. Everyman does not keep his car till it falls to pieces from sheer old age. He trades it in after a season or two in part payment for a more up-to-date model.

***

HOW then, and where, should one buy second-hand? In former days when every motorist was a mechanic, I should have been tempted to give hints on testing a car yourself, and you may still see such articles in motor papers. But such advice presupposes buying a car privately direct from the owner. As almost every car has been given in part exchange for another one, the trade is now almost exclusively in the hands of the dealer—and a very good thing, too. For, after all, no one is better able to pass off a dud than the man who has driven it for years and knows its faults from A to Z. Once, too, this former owner has received your money he can snap his fingers at you.

A new Morris-Oxford Six Saloon outside Rheims Cathedral. This celebrated building, so badly damaged in the War, is being rapidly restored and the work is now almost completed

***

THEREFORE, you ought to go to a large dealer with a first-class reputation, or else to a local man whom you know well. In any case, you will probably *have* to go to him because so few cars are available elsewhere. In such hands you are not likely to be landed with a dud. The dealer's business depends on a reputation for fair dealing. Furthermore, a large number of the bigger concerns guarantee after-sales service. This is not only a valuable concession in itself, but is also an additional safeguard against being "had," for no such dealer would wittingly pass off a dud, seeing that it would be back again within a day or two complete with its irate owner. If you want to make assurance doubly sure, you can have the car "vetted" by an A.A. or an R.A.C. expert for a guinea or so.

***

IN thus singing the praises of buying second-hand I am but prescribing medicine which I take myself. Time and again have I proved its benefits. In my motor cycling days, of the thirty-one mounts of seventeen different makes that I owned only two were real duds, and these were the only machines I ever bought new! They were, like so many new cars, machines that I never would have bought had I had a chance of trying them—and that, of course, is the one thing you do not do with a new vehicle.

***

WITHIN the last six months I have had a very similar experience. Here is the story of the three cars I have bought in that time. As a stop-gap last October, I invested in a certain model of a very popular small car—second-hand. I fell absolutely in love with it and decided that my new car would be the 1930 model of this same make. I bought one, still keeping the old bus until I had properly run in the new one.

***

THE latter was a complete failure, and after the maker's service department had done their best to right matters under the guarantee—without any effect—I sold it to buy another with slightly different coachwork. This has proved little, if any, better. Invariably I fall back on the second-hand 1929 model, which already had 10,000 miles to its credit when I bought it, and now probably it will be the one I shall keep for 1930. This car came from Henlys with a written guarantee exactly the same as that issued by the makers.

Cheap Cross-Channel Service

THOSE who intend touring on the Continent this Easter and later during the season will welcome the news that the Townsend motor car ferry service between Dover and Calais will reopen on April 15. This service won golden opinions last season and should add to its reputation in the coming months. A new passenger steamer, in which motorists may now accompany their cars, will do the trip in 1½ hours instead of 2½ as formerly. The rates remain unaltered. The address of the company is: Townsend Bros. Ferries, Ltd., 101, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3.

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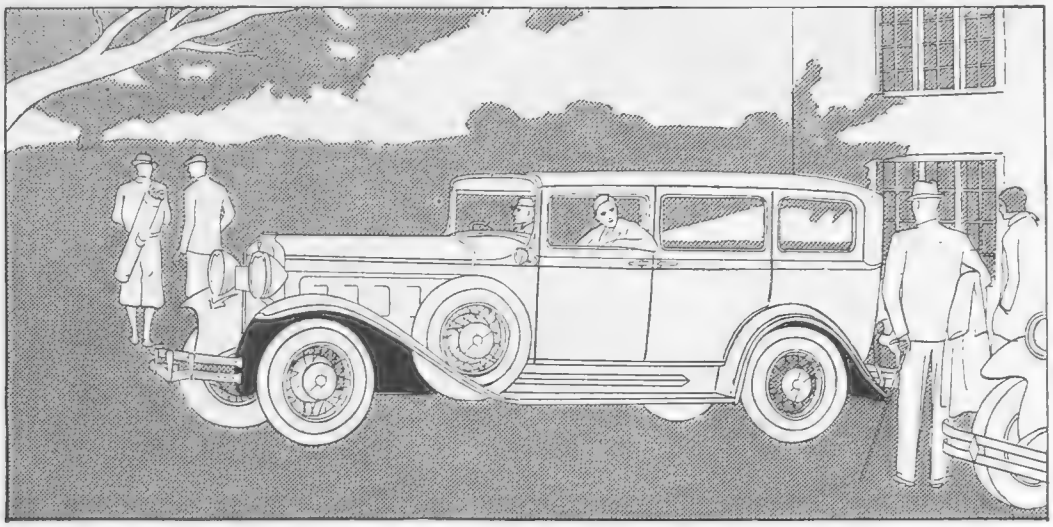

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Self-filling "Swans" may be obtained of all Stationers and Jewellers. Black or Mottled from 15/-; Artistic Colours from 17/6, or non-self-filling in Black from 10/6. "Fyne-Point" Pencils from 5/- to match "Swan" Pens.

'SWAN' PEN

Illustrated catalogue post free from Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd., Swan House, 133 & 135, Oxford Street, London, W.1. "Swan" Pen Works: Harlesden, London. "Swan" Ink Works: Dingle, Liverpool.

For "Swan" Pens and all pens use "Swan" Ink

That's what I call a bath—

"Ah! . . . that's better! Left all my tiredness in the bath . . . good old Wright's Coal Tar Soap! Makes you feel ever so refreshed and bubbling over with health and vigour. Kills all the germs you collect in the day's work or play . . . protects you from risk of infection, and ensures that your health is being safeguarded."

"You can't go wrong with Wright's."

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

Best for the Bath

6d. per Tablet. *Bath Size 10d.*

FREE GIFTS

A heavily nickel-plated Razor Case, plush lined with Safety Razor complete with 2 blades will be sent in exchange for 36 Outside printed wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Address wrappers to "Men's Razor," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, Southwark Street, S.E.

DOGS

Our Sporting Partners By "The Kennelman"

Cruft's giant Show last month certainly involved no falling-off in the number of interesting doggy functions for March. To-day (Wednesday) Spratts are benching and feeding a good small Show at Brighton, and they will do the same next Wednesday for the Fox Terrier Show at Bristol. Ireland holds its biggest annual Show in Dublin next week (the 17th), to be benched and fed by Spillers. On the 26th and 27th comes what fanciers call "The Show of the North": the Championship turn-out at the Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester, always a big parade; and there's a long list of smaller exhibitions. Next month's Kennel Club Field Trials will provide the most interesting of countryside spectacles; Pointers and Setters at Orwell Park, Ipswich, on the 23rd and 24th; and Irish Setters on the 29th and 30th. Judges, Lorna Countess Howe and Colonel H. M. Wilson; Secretary, Mrs. Nagle, of Sulampstead, near Reading.

Shooting men report very favourably on Golden Retrievers this year, and lovers of this beautiful breed may note the tribute just paid by that well-known authority, Mrs. J. D. Cottingham, in the *Kennel Gazette*: "I think it an act of justice to recall, now that the steady improvement . . . is due to the great assistance given by Gun-Dog judges . . . at most important Shows; usually, being sportsmen, they know well what is required of a shooting dog." Mrs. H. Gummer, of Little Croft, Hale, near Salisbury, has just had another litter from her fine Golden bitch, Honey, which show rare quality.

Various are the factors that go to the building up of a people's prestige, and in ours there's no sort of doubt British Dogs play their part, for "British bred" is more than ever the brand most desired in Dogs now in every quarter of the globe. Among new journals devoted to the cult one notes the *East African Kennel Gazette*, a 1930 arrival, backed by the East African Kennel Club, the influence of which trickles through Kenya, Uganda and the Tanganyika, down into Natal, and a good many other parts. Amateurs who keep their canine bookshelves up to date, by the way, should note that the new (57th) annual volume of the Kennel Club Stud Book, that invaluable "Dog man's bible," will be out by the end of the month.

Douglas

Otto Van Zaandam, a beautiful Keeshond (Dutch Barge Dog) belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McConnell. Although only three years old, he has already won three First Prizes at Richmond

Elkhounds had a record entry at the last Kennel Club Show, and the number of their registrations has since beaten all previous records. It's easy to understand the popularity of this fine Scandinavian in England, for he is intelligent, with enough of the true Hound to make him a delightful companion in open country, and yet plenty of savoir-faire in home and town life; an all-round good pal. Lt.-Col. G. S. Scovell, 74, Victoria Street, S.W.1, is the Hon. Secretary of the British Elkhound Society.

Of Course There is Whisky and Whisky

but men who want good whisky—
fine—full flavoured—liqueur
whisky—drink "The Antiquary"

"THE ANTIQUARY" is a select liqueur whisky of remarkable quality.

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It is mostly due to an insufficiency of the natural oil which comes from the roots. A little Rowland's Macassar Oil rubbed well into the scalp daily will soon restore lustre and vigour to the hair and prevent the dryness leading, as it often does, to greyness and eventually baldness.

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THE GOURMET - Conducted by EMILIA

Dinner

HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS.

SAUMON À LA MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL.

RIS DE VEAU À LA CRÈME.

SELLE DE MOUTON.
POMMES NOUVEAUX.
CHOUX FLEURS AU GRATIN.

CRÈME DE VANILLE.

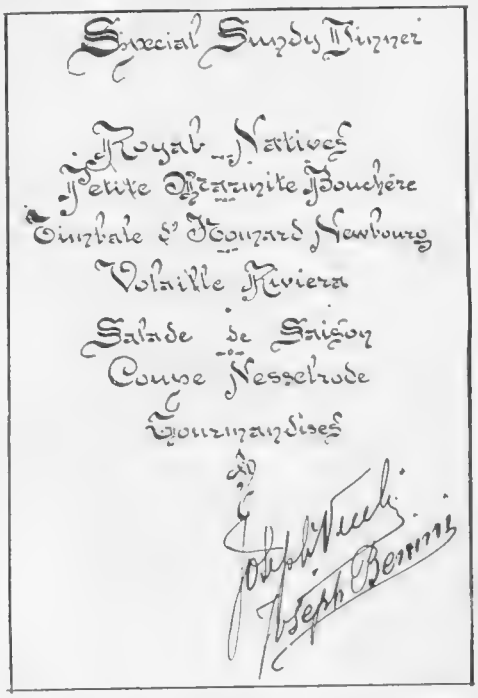
CROÛTES À LA MONACO.

CAFÉ. DESSERT.

Hors d'Œuvres

(1) *Flemish Salad.*—Cut up any dried fish or herrings into slices, put them into a shallow dish with tomato, lettuce, cold boiled carrots, and a very few spring onions, all cut very small. Pour a mayonnaise sauce over this.

(2) *Mayonnaise of Eggs.*—Shell some hard-boiled eggs and cut them in half lengthways. Peel and cut four ripe tomatoes in halves, put them on a baking sheet and bake them in the oven till they are just tender, then let them get cold. Arrange them on a dish and season with salt and pepper, and place half an egg cut side downwards on each tomato. Have ready half a pint of stiff mayonnaise sauce well flavoured with tarragon vinegar, and coat the eggs and tomatoes smoothly with it. Decorate the dish with a little cucumber and beetroot, and serve.



The menu of an appetising special Sunday dinner served at the Hungaria Restaurant in Lower Regent Street. It is signed by the two maîtres d'hôtel, M. Joseph Vecchi and M. Joseph Benini

Saumon à la Maître d'Hôtel

DIVIDE a piece of salmon into slices of half an inch, and then mix on a plate two tablespoonfuls of salad oil and a teaspoonful of salt and pepper, and turn the sides in this all round. Broil for five minutes on each side. Place in a very hot dish, spread maître d'hôtel butter over them (butter mixed with lemon juice, salt, and parsley finely chopped). Garnish with parsley, and serve.

Ris de Veau à la Crème

BLANCH the sweetbreads in boiling water and then put them in cold water. Take them out and put them in some white stock or milk. Stew gently for three-quarters of an hour. Beat up the yolks of two eggs with cream, a little finely chopped parsley, some grated nutmeg, pepper and salt.

Add to this the stock from the sweetbreads and heat it. Place the sweetbreads in an entrée dish, pour over them the sauce and garnish with little rolls of fried bacon.

Croûtes à la Monaco

FRY some rounds of bread a golden colour. On each place a small fond d'artichaut which has been sautéd in a little glaze. On that place a smaller round of sautéd tomato, and pipe on the tomato a little purée of mushroom and a curled anchovy on top. Sprinkle each croûte with Parmesan, and put in the oven for ten minutes. Serve very hot.

HOT WATER
at the turn of a tap
DAY OR NIGHT
BY ELECTRICITY

Think of the convenience of hot water by Electricity. No fuss, fumes or danger of explosion. The "Sadia" Water Heater is entirely automatic and works without waste or trouble. As you turn on the tap, scalding hot water flows either in bathroom or, if necessary, in every room of the house.

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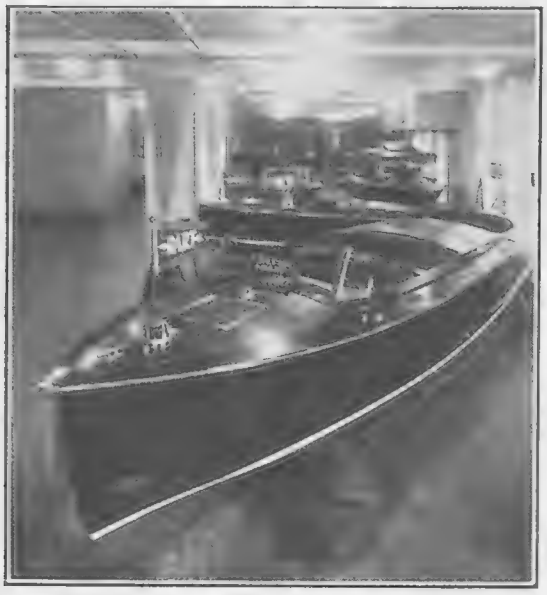
"Quite simply. Advertising, by making known a new invention like wireless or motor-cars or home movie cameras, creates a big demand for these things. The more the manufacturers produce, the cheaper and better they can turn them out. When a thing's not advertised, it usually stays where it was in the year dot. Doesn't improve and seldom gets cheaper."

"There's a thought in that."

"So study your advertisements, my lad. Otherwise you'll be missing a good deal of the news."

THE EDITOR'S BOX



A view of "Dart" stand at the recent Motor Boat Show held in New York. The exhibition was a great success, and the above models attracted a great deal of attention

H.M.V. New Records

The first electrical recording of César Franck's popular Sonata in A Minor for piano and violin is included in the March issue of "His Master's Voice." Alfred Cortot and Jacques Thibaud, recognised as the finest living interpreters of this beautiful work, play perfectly in every detail, and the recording is a triumph. "Der Rosenkavalier" waltz, by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Dr. Leo Blech, is a medley of the most melodious waltzes from Strauss's great opera, and the more one hears this record the more one is enchanted. Of music from the films there is Morton Downey, who plays the lead with the principal songs in "Lucky in Love"; Carl Brisson, a newcomer to "His Master's Voice," in a "Song of Soho," a film not yet presented to the public; Helen Kane, the star of "Pointed Heels"; Jessie Crawford on the cinema organ with the fascinating "Tip-toe Through the Tulips with Me," from "Gold Diggers of Broadway"; Jack Hylton and his orchestra with "Happy Days are Here Again" and "Chasing Rainbows," fox-trots which, when this film is released, will undoubtedly be enormous hits.

Instantaneous Heat

For those who wish to keep warm the charm and dignity of a Carron Electric Fire adds a distinctive note to any furnishing scheme. You will cherish its ready service, its tidiness, its labour-saving, and its economy. A touch of the switch and you have just the warmth you want under the healthiest conditions, while there is always a large selection of designs to choose from. The Carron Electric Fires can be seen in the firm's showrooms at London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Bristol.

One of the many designs of the Carron Electric Fires. These are priced from £3 15s., and give out heat at the single turn of a switch

A Business Reference

The commercial world can with benefit turn to Sell's Directory of Registered Telegraphic Addresses, which, in its forty-fifth year, is more than ever a monument of valuable information. The latest issue is a fine example of careful compilation. It is full of important references, and, what is equally of account, these references are so set out as to yield instant enlightenment. The volume contains some 100,000 telegraphic addresses authenticated by the postal authorities, together with the postal addresses, telephone numbers, and trade descriptions of the firms concerned. The section relating to leading bankers, brokers, etc., in the United States, which is a comparatively new and popular feature, has been amplified, and the same applies to the information concerning the British Dominions and foreign countries. Published by "Business Dictionaries, Ltd.," 8-9 Johnson's Court, London, E.C.4, it is priced at 45s.

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See them in comfort

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Southern Rhodesia

offers sport, glorious scenery, unlimited sunshine. Come, revel in this African paradise.

Tourist Agencies have details.

SR9

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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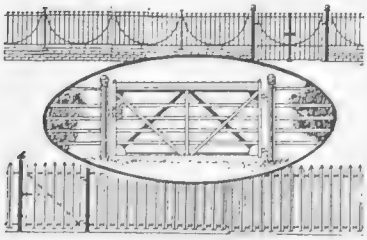

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A Dainty Three-Piece *copied exactly from a New Paris Model, in Pure Silk Crêpe de Chine. The low back bodice is formed by Ecru needle-run Lace, which trims the skirt in a charming panel design. In Pink, Oyster, Peach, Sky, Champagne, Green, Primrose, Coral, Black, and Gold. Also in soft Silk Georgette, in the same large range of colourings, at the same price.*

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TO-DAY'S *ensemble* is perfectly mirrored in the flowing symmetry and graceful sweep of lines achieved by the new Gossard garments.

It is expressed with that infallible appreciation of style which makes Gossards so everlastingly right, approving the selection of the woman who always demands the best in modern corsetry.

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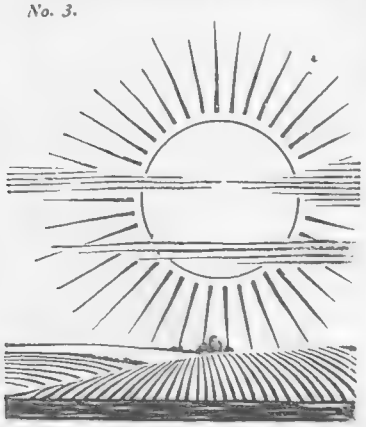

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in floral Sol de Soie, resembling the best silk crêpe de Chine—a material that will retain its beauty after washing. A dainty feature is the fine hand-tucking with lace top. The design on Pink, Ivory, Nil, Blue or Mauve grounds is most appealing. A "Walpole" make of great value.

25/9

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Thousands of women definitely obtain *charm* and *grace* by wearing the ROYAL ACTA SUPERB SLENDERBELT. It is a perfectly adjustable garment and does actually reduce hips, thighs and abdomen.

Its lightness and comfort appeal alike to the *Athletic Girl* and the *Matron*.

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SUPERB SLENDERBELT

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Correct line and length make this distinctive ensemble one of the most charming of the new modes. In light-weight fancy tweed trimmed with plain cloth to tone, the dress is trimmed with piped strappings and suède belt, and the three-quarter length coat is finished with patch pockets and smart collar, with buckle at back. In new spring colourings in sizes, small women's, women's and outsize.

10 Guineas.

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DELIGHTFUL NIGHTDRESS, entirely hand-made, in reliable pure silk broché crêpe de Chine; round neck, sleeveless design, trimmed with dainty washing ribbon. In pink, lemon, sky, cyclamen, biscuit, apricot, green and ivory.

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CHEMISE to match **21/9**
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Dainty Lace and Ribbon BOUDOIR CAP - 25/9

Sent on Approval.

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Do not miss the story of Marozia, maker and unmaker of Popes.

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"WHEN THE DEAD RIDE" by Armine von Tempski
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"ENGLISH MANNER AND AMERICAN MATTER" by Sydney Tremayne
"I BELIEVED . . . IN HEAVEN AND HELL" by The Rt. Hon. Sir William Bull
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"FOUR SPRING RECIPES" by Catherine Ives
"CASSEROLE COOKERY" by Catherine Ives
"THE DESERTED CITY" by Cosmo Hamilton
"FURNISHING THE HOME" by Baseden Butt
"I'M A DREAMER—AREN'T WE ALL?"

In This Month's Issue

A TELEGRAM FROM PARIS ON THE LATEST FASHIONS
THREE PRACTICAL STYLES FOR SPRING DAYS
MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT IN THE NURSERY
"MONOGRAMS" by Marion Dorn
"FLOORS AND CEILINGS" by Grace Lovat Fraser
"THE GLASS AGE" by Wilma Bernhard
"GADGETS"
"THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MATTER . . . IN PARIS" by Mary Pandos
AN ATTRACTIVE COSTUME FOR EARLY SPRING
PATTERNED TWEEDS ARE CORRECT FOR MORNING WEAR
THREE NEW VERSIONS OF THE AFTERNOON GOWN
SOME NEW IDEAS ON THE NECKLINE
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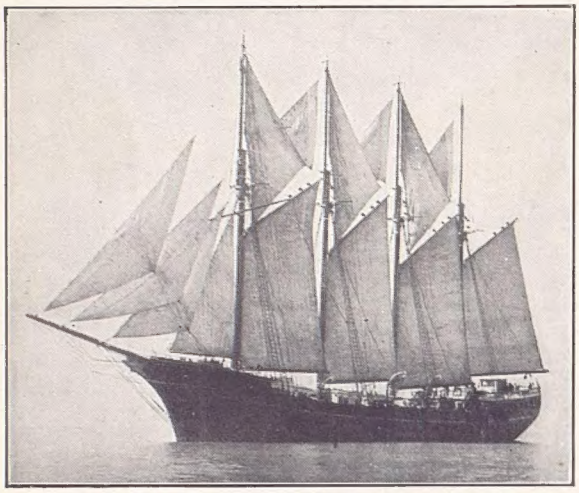

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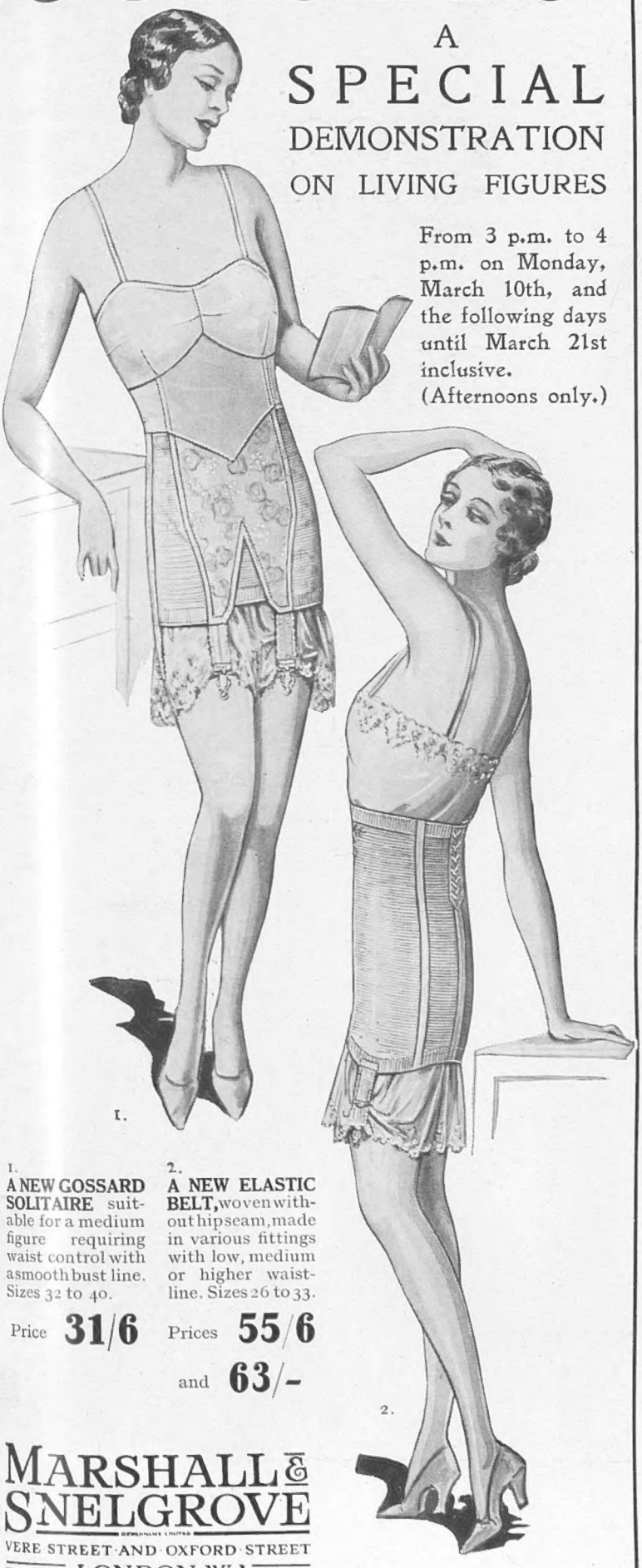

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